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Labor and the Primaries

From the jubilation of the conservative press, one would infer that the primaries in Pennsylvania were the beginning of the end of John L. Lewis and the CIO, as well as of the more progressive tendencies of the New Deal. In this the comments are reminiscent of those which we heard when the strike against "little steel" proved to be unsuccessful—they seem more like hopes than recognition of reality. The truth is that Mr. Kennedy, the CIO candidate, lost by less than 70,000 votes out of more than 1,000,000, after a hastily improvised campaign against the Democratic machine, the hostility of the A. F. of L. and the prejudice aroused by the fact that Mr. Kennedy is a Catholic. This surely cannot be called a final and crushing blow to labor's political influence. As a matter of fact it is not, as is shown by the fact that the CIO leaders in Pennsylvania are still in a position to drive a sharp bargain for their support of the successful Democratic candidates, and apparently intend to use their power. Such pressure on the left can only strengthen the New Deal ultimately. As for the Republican primaries, the defeat of Gifford Pinchot by a reactionary is counterbalanced by the fact that the moderately liberal Senator Davis was renominated. The New Deal is further strengthened by the primaries in Oregon, where the liberal Mr. Hess won by a narrow margin over the incumbent Governor Martin, opposed both by labor and by administration forces. On the debit side is the announcement of Senator Berry—the head of the Pressmen's Union—that he opposes the new spending, the TVA and other presidential policies. Mr. Berry is an A. F. of L. man who has in the past flirted with the CIO in politics. Apparently he wants revenge because the TVA would not pay him more for his under-water marble quarries.

France Stands Firm

In two important situations, France fought on the side of democracy during the week ending May 24. By her firm announcement that she would go to war if German troops crossed the border of Czechoslovakia, she stopped Hitler, at least temporarily and perhaps for a long time to come. In her negotiations with Italy she flatly refused Il Duce's demand that she close the Pyrenees and forbid the further shipment of supplies to Loyalist Spain. As a result, the negotiations between France and Italy have come to a complete standstill. In regard to Czechoslovakia, the British government supported France; in regard to Italy the role of England is much less clear. We know, however, that the British Tories have long wanted Franco to win in Spain and have done what they could to bring this about. The attitude of France shows that she is not yet prepared to stand by and see the British, the Italians and the Germans put an end to democracy in Spain.

Who Will Pay for Relief?

Chicago must now be added to the list of cities where the relief crisis is most serious. Its twenty-three relief stations have closed down for lack of funds and

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the 90,000 families who have no other means of support face a black future. Governor Horner of Illinois has proposed an increase of $500,000 in the state relief appropriation and, if it passes the legislature, about four-fifths of the additional money would go to Chicago. But even so the city authorities estimate that the monthly relief deficit would amount to $1,100,000. Chicago, Cleveland, Dayton, Columbus and Toledo are now the nation's sorest spots as far as inadequate public aid is concerned.

As the weeks go by, however, we may be sure that many other cities, with their appropriations for the entire year exhausted, will be forced to close their relief-administration offices or find new ways and means of raising money. St. Louis, Missouri, is on the verge of such a collapse. Twenty-five thousand people there are depending on relief money for their daily bread and are getting an average of about $6 per person per month. In Cincinnati, Youngstown, Canton and Akron the funds available for relief will have been exhausted in two or three months. Omaha is making little more than a superficial gesture toward meeting the minimum needs of its indigent population.

An easy but fallacious speculation about why these cities have broken down on the relief job is this: that a process of "blackmail" bargaining is going on between the local authorities and the federal government; that the cities are withholding available funds in order to force the legislators in Washington to give them more money. Some substance is given this theory by the fact that, in a few states, there are reserves in the state treasuries that might be given to the bankrupt industrial centers. The answer is often contained in the traditional rivalry between rural and urban legislators. The state legislator from a farm area is likely to fight against using the taxes his constituents have paid to take care of the jobless in the factory towns. In some communities, of course, there has been graft and misuse of the relief funds. But there is no doubt that most of the cities where the relief crisis is most desperate are at the end of their resources. As we have pointed out in the past, the disputes over basic relief policies must be settled before any satisfactory answer to the relief problem can be achieved. The most urgent of these is whether the federal government can continue to leave the entire burden of direct relief—the indispensable complement to the work-relief program—on the shoulders of the cities and states.

Mayor Hague in Hot Water

Law and order are gradually catching up with Mayor Hague of Jersey City. The United States Department of Justice has belatedly and halfheartedly begun an investigation of conditions in Jersey City; it remains to be seen with how much enthusiasm a national Democratic administration will investigate the misdeeds of the Vice-Chairman of the National Democratic Committee and friend and co-religionist of the Democratic Chief Pooh-Bah, Jim Farley. The Civil Liberties Committee of the United States Senate has also announced its intention of investigating Jersey City, and this inquiry seems likely to be a real one. Meanwhile, all the suits against Mayor Hague by the American Civil Liberties Union, the CIO and various individuals whose rights he has curtailed, are being pressed in the courts. So disheartened is the Jersey Hitler by all this that he actually permitted Mr. Arthur Garfield Hays to make a hostile speech the other night in Journal Square and neither beat him over the head nor kicked him out of the community. The nationwide opprobrium and ridicule Mayor Hague has drawn down upon himself may well have disturbed the powerful institution which stands behind him, the Roman Catholic Church. If so, we may expect orders that he behave himself, from a source he will promptly obey.

Red Scare in New York

Stanley M. Isaacs is president of the Borough of Manhattan in New York City. Some months ago he retained as his aide a young City Hall reporter whom he had come to know and respect through professional contacts there. This young man, Simon W. Gerson, happens to be a Communist; the newspaper he represented was The Daily Worker.

As soon as these facts became public, a storm broke over his head. The Roman Catholic-Tammany alliance, always powerful in New York City, went after Gerson's scalp. It first tried to get New York State legislation passed forbidding public office to a Communist. After this effort had failed it was discovered that Gerson had been involved in a petty suit in New York. In reporting the case for a technical law journal, circulated locally, a judge had changed Gerson's name to "Gilson"—a procedure frequently followed when persons well known to the public become involved in minor court proceedings. Now the trouble started afresh. A new investigation was trumped up by State Senator John J. McNaboe, conspicuous among the hunters of Red witches in New York. A long public hearing was held at the taxpayers' expense, which could serve as a model of how such affairs ought not to be conducted.

The incident is memorable chiefly because it shows the lengths to which the Catholic Church is prepared to go, and the influence it wields. We regret to note the sorry role played in this affair by two supposedly liberal newspapers—The New York World-Telegram and The Post. These papers showed a disheartening tendency to stand with the enemies of freedom. Their policy, if carried out, would drive the Communist Party underground and make it far more important, in the long run, than it is today, with its 75,000 members in a voting population of 65,000,000.

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Where to Leave the Car

The present depression, like the previous one, has reduced the number of automobiles on our highways. By so doing, it has relieved but not solved the parking problem which continues as a daily minor irritation to the average motorist, and a severe headache to police, and to merchants and others whose places of business are in congested areas.

The most popular immediate remedy seems to be the parking meter. More than fifty cities in all parts of the country have installed these, and only about ten have subsequently removed them, in most cases because of court decisions that they were illegal and not because the authorities found that they did not work. The parking meter of course "solves" the problem only by making it expensive to park your car and thus discouraging its use. A more direct attack consists of providing additional facilities. Several large cities in England have undertaken to construct great underground parking areas, with ramps leading to and from the street level. In Chicago and Pittsburgh, parking machines are employed, roughly similar to the Ferris wheel that is familiar in any American carnival. You drive your car on to a platform and with the rotation of the wheel it is hoisted into the air until you want it again.

In the far West, shops are now being built only one or two stories high, where the customer can drive his car up to the roof and leave it there while he does his buying. A recent ordinance in Bronxville, New York, that will probably be widely copied, requires that every apartment house must provide off-the-street parking for at least one car to each family. The Public Administration Clearing House reports that municipal parking areas are being furnished in the congested districts in many communities. Flint, Michigan, has planned a belt of municipal parking lots. Saginaw, Michigan, and Clintonville, Wisconsin, have furnished facilities large enough to be used simultaneously by nearly all their cars. Batavia, New York, is making similar plans. In the long run congestion in our streets is to be solved by planning and reorganizing our communities. In the short run, we must patch and repair as best we can.

"Contact" as a Verb

Major Henry H. Curran, deputy mayor of New York City, is a man after our own heart. A few months ago he came out against the "and/or" monstrosity. Now he has joined The New Republic's campaign against the use of "contact" as a verb. We admit a little grimly that we welcome his help; we weren't making much headway. American business seems to contact somebody about a million times a day, and always with the use of that dreadful term. We wish the Major luck, and invite him now to volunteer for the next campaign: against the use of "like" as a conjunction, by educated people in the South and by uneducated people everywhere.

News Notes of a Week

Japan has won her first important victory in a long time, with the fall of Suchow. This railroad center enables the Japanese to control the Tientsin-Pukow Railroad, running north and south, and renders probable the capture of several other cities. The victory is less important than it might have been, however, since the Chinese were able to withdraw the main body of their troops. The farther the Japanese move to the westward, the greater become their difficulties of supply and the more effective the Chinese guerilla tactics. . . . In Spain, neither side gained important advantage in the week ending May 24. The most significant developments for Spain were political in character, centering around the firm refusal of the French to cut off supplies to the Loyalists, as the Italians have been demanding.

At home, all the forces of reaction were mobilized against the wages-and-hours bill, and in the attempt to allocate funds under the pump-priming measure so that the administration would have a minimum opportunity to use its own discretion. . . . Danger continued of a nationwide railroad strike if the roads persist in their attempt to solve their financial problem solely by cutting wages 15 percent. . . . The government suit against coal-mine owners and former law officers in Harlan County, Kentucky, in the interest of civil liberties, got under way slowly, much difficulty being experienced in selecting a jury. . . . The New York State convention of the Communist Party unanimously approved the proposed new national constitution of the Party, which would require all its members to be citizens of the United States, or to file papers declaring their intention of eventually becoming naturalized.

Shall We Aid Mexican Fascism?

THE CEDILLO REVOLT in Mexico seems at the moment to be a minor affair. President Cárdenas, by his prompt and firm action in appearing in San Luis Potosi and taking command of the federal troops, deprived Cedillo of any possibility of initiative. The conservative general has fled from his estate and his supporters have taken to the mountains. The revolt, though it may spread, seems likely to be confined to the state where it started, or at most to one or two of its neighbors. Back of Cárdenas is not only the regular army, which may or may not be reliable, but the bulk of Mexican organized labor, whose new armed militia marched enthusiastically in the May Day demonstration in Mexico City.

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Nevertheless the revolt may prove to be more dangerous than it now appears. If so, the cause will be chiefly outside of Mexico. If Cedillo can muster anything like a respectable army and can establish communications with the outside world, he may be munitioned and supplied by the powerful interests who would like to change the government of our neighbor to the south. For months there have been rumors that the history of Spain would be repeated in Mexico. In these rumors either Cedillo or someone like him was cast for the part of Franco. He would be supported by the oil interests and other business groups who have long resisted Mexico's progressive labor legislation and the attempt, announced years ago in her revolutionary constitution, to recapture for the nation her natural resources and the right to exploit them. It would be supported by the reactionary forces in the Catholic Church if not by the church as a whole. And it would be sanctioned by fascist-minded people generally.

The present is a time when the ground is prepared for such a movement. By taking over the oil wells hitherto operated by foreign companies, Mexico has aroused a boycott on the sale of her chief item of export. This causes serious economic difficulties and a good deal of unemployment. Great Britain has declined to be conciliatory in seeking an adjustment of the dispute, and diplomatic negotiations have been broken off. The United States, while following a more moderate line in relation to the oil controversy itself, has helped to cripple the Mexican government financially by a cessation of the silver-buying policy. There is no doubt whatever that if a rebellion against Cárdenas showed promise of any possible success, it could command powerful external aid.

This situation presents to our government the possibility of a crisis which should not catch us unaware. The action taken and the influence exerted may be of the greatest importance. If Cedillo does play the role of Franco, the attitude of the United States will be decisive. Just as France borders Spain on the Pyrenees, so we touch Mexico. Our attitude on the shipment of arms and supplies will be even more crucial than that of France in the Spanish war. Under the Neutrality Act the President has the power to declare an embargo against both sides if the civil war in his judgment threatens our peace, but the power is discretionary and he is not obliged to use it. Shall we, like France, act as the satellite of British commercial imperialism and conspire to cripple a legitimate and democratic government contending with a fascist revolt? We have already done so in the case of Loyalist Spain; shall we repeat this folly in the case of our next-door neighbor?

It is true that Germany and Italy are farther from Mexico than they are from Spain and apparently have less interest in what happens there. They probably would not incur much risk or expense to support a Mexican revolt. But others stand ready to repeat their action in the present instance—others within the United States and Great Britain. The policy of our government may, like the policy of the British and French governments in the Spanish affair, give them in effect a free hand while denying help to Cárdenas. Indeed, our government might conceivably itself take over the function of Hitler and Mussolini by active support to the Mexican rebels.

Just one official line would stop at the beginning the development of such a suicidal possibility. It is in accord with international law and American diplomatic tradition to support, especially on this continent, legitimate governments contending with armed rebellion. This policy demands an embargo on shipments of arms and supplies to the Rebels, while freely allowing the government to purchase what it needs. Such a policy should at once be announced, in order to forestall any unpleasant developments. If it be thought unfriendly by the ruling powers in Great Britain, our reply should be, "Mexico is our neighbor, not yours, and, whatever you may do in Europe, we refuse to encourage fascists on our doorstep. Certainly it is not objectionable of us to insist that commercial disputes be settled by peaceful and juridical methods, rather than by support of the instigators of civil war."

Hitler's Bluff Is Called

EUROPE has got safely around one bad corner, however many others may lie ahead. That is the justified interpretation of events after the week-end of May 22. In many ways, this was the worst crisis since the end of the Great War, and the lessons to be learned from it are salutary ones.

Czechoslovakia had local elections scheduled for Sunday, May 22. Two days earlier it was announced that Czech frontier guards had shot two Sudeten Germans who refused to halt when told to do so. Immediately, news came that Hitler was massing soldiers along the Czechoslovak frontier. At the same time, the government-controlled German press burst out with attacks upon Czechoslovakia, ominously similar to those which preceded the seizure of Austria. The stage seemed to be set for a German attack on the Czechs that might well be the prelude to a general war.

In this crisis, the government of Czechoslovakia acted firmly and at once. It mobilized many thousands of soldiers, perhaps as many as half a million. At the same time, France issued an unequivocal declaration that if German troops crossed the border she would fight. Russia said nothing, but she had stated a few weeks ago that if France went to the aid of Czechoslovakia, she would do likewise. Great Britain also put on heavy pressure behind the scenes for a peaceful

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solution. Confronted by this show of resolute opposition, Hitler hastily retreated. On Sunday, he made a speech about housing, without a word on the supposedly burning Czechoslovak issue. His men were rapidly withdrawn from the frontier. At least for the moment, the crisis was over.

During this fateful week-end, Der Führer spent many hours closeted with members of the German General Staff. One can imagine what these solid, experienced military men told him. As Major G. F. Eliot recently pointed out in these pages, Czechoslovakia has a highly efficient, amply equipped army. Germany on the other hand has increased her manpower many-fold in a short time, and gravely lacks officers. Her mechanical equipment is also dubious; the invasion of Austria is said to have been wretchedly bungled on the transport side. Tires of imitation rubber blew out; synthetic lubricants failed to function. We have no doubt the generals told Hitler he could not possibly fight France and Czechoslovakia together (to say nothing of Russia) with only Italy as an undependable and ineffective ally, whose military shortcomings in Spain have been freely discussed in German army circles for nearly two years. The clouds on the horizon, to be sure, are nearly as black as ever, yet it is not impossible that the week-end of May 22 may prove in retrospect to have been an important turning point in post-war history.

Gangsters in Uniform

THE PRESENT TERROR in Austria is vividly described in a dispatch to The New York Times published on May 23. It is doubtful if all history records similar scenes of brutality and injustice inflicted upon the inhabitants of one civilized country by the supposedly civilized inhabitants of another.

Every day Viennese opponents of Nazism have been subjected to public humiliation. They include not only Jews (who are automatically ruled to be enemies) but liberals, socialists, communists, monarchists—anybody and everybody not properly hysterical about Hitler. These individuals are systematically tortured. They are forced to get down on their hands and knees and scrub the streets, using water to which lye or acids have been added. Frail, elderly men are compelled to go through physical exercises for hours until they faint from fatigue; several of them have died under this treatment. Distinguished Jewish surgeons are forced to clean toilets with their bare hands. Writers, scientists, teachers, must polish the boots in the Storm Troopers' barracks.

All enemies of the regime, but the Jews and monarchists in particular, are being systematically robbed of all their possessions. A wealthy Jew, for example, wishing to flee the country, must not only turn over his entire fortune, but as large a sum as can be obtained from his friends or relatives abroad. Even then, in many cases, the required permission is not granted. The Nazi kidnapers have fallen to an even lower moral level than their counterparts in America, Turkey or China who have usually lived up with scrupulous care to their bargains.

Under such circumstances, it is hardly surprising that the number of suicides runs into thousands. In three days, there were 537 authenticated instances of suicides among the Viennese Jews. One wealthy Jewish business man tried to buy his escape with his entire fortune; when the Nazis took his money but still refused him a visa, he and his whole family—five persons in all—killed themselves simultaneously. The reaction of the Nazis to this was to hang a sign on his door urging other Jews to "go and do likewise."

What has happened in Austria is much worse than even the similar development in Germany. The process has now been speeded up; Vienna recapitulates in a few weeks things that took years in Berlin or Munich. Those guilty of these acts of course do not represent the whole people of Germany, any more than they represent more than a minority in Austria itself. The bestiality is nearly all the work of uniformed Storm Troopers—young men, mostly of lower-middle-class origin, who have been carefully trained for years to subhuman standards of behavior and have responded to that training completely.

The Times correspondent reports that many Austrians who had sympathized with the Nazis have been alienated by what they have seen. For this reason, torture of individuals will henceforth be carried on in prisons or concentration camps where it will be less conspicuous. The German regular army has standards far higher than those of the degenerate Storm Troopers, and its officers have even on occasion rescued a few of the victims.

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The Tory Policy of Peace

On every occasion that offers, Mr. Chamberlain and his party proclaim that they are following a policy of reconciliation and peace. If one accepts their conception of peace, their boast is justified. They have already ended the bitter quarrels that separated England from Eire (Ireland) and Italy. It is possible and even probable that these achievements will be crowned, though not at an early date, by an agreement with Germany and the conclusion of a Pact between the two Western and the two Central Great Powers. When that is accomplished, Mr. Chamberlain will challenge the Labor Party and defeat it in a general election. He will claim that he has not only kept the country out of war, but reconciled its enemies, while increasing its armed strength. Official Labor, unfortunately, has in this situation no inspiration more helpful than the reiteration of its faith in Geneva. It is its egoism rather than the ardor of its socialist convictions that forbids it to consider even a temporary accommodation with the Liberals.

Of these achievements the treaty with Eire calls for frank congratulation. The quarrel had been swollen to costly extremes by the stupid arrogance of Mr. Thomas, but it could never have been easy to adjust. Mr. Chamberlain, who commonly displays in the House a rigid and graceless personality, behaved on this occasion with a rare magnanimity. The angry disputes over the annuities, peculiarly delicate because legal opinion was far from unanimous about it, has been settled by scaling down the Irish obligation to one-tenth of its capital value. The miserable tariff war is ended. Finally, the Empire has abandoned, with no compensation save good will, its right to use and fortify certain Irish harbors as naval bases. There is nothing to criticize in this generous settlement, save Mr. Chamberlain's omission of any public statement that might have advanced the unification of this sundered island. Mr. de Valera was ready to offer statesmanlike terms for the first steps toward a federal structure, but the Orange rulers of Ulster remain as intolerant and unyielding as ever.

In the settlement with Italy, on the other hand, your correspondent can discover no mitigating feature. Doubtless it ends for a time, or at least conceals, the dangerous feud that had raged between the Empire and this ambitious Mediterranean power since the eve of the Ethiopian affair. Those who welcome peace at any price may congratulate themselves on a success that fills the progressive half of British opinion with anger and shame. Mr. Chamberlain's motive seems to have been the straightforward wish to remove an obvious cause of war. It is fairly clear that he never belonged to the school of thought, dominant in the staff of the Foreign Office, which wished to buy the support of Italy in order to break the Rome-Berlin axis and encircle Germany. On the contrary, his purpose seems to be to reconcile Italy in the hope that he may thereafter use her good offices to arrange terms with her quasi-ally. His ultimate objective is to revive the plan that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald arranged with Mussolini, only to discover that neither the French nor their satellites in Central and Eastern Europe would then have anything to do with it. The conception of a four-power pact revives, in a more formal and organized shape, the nineteenth-century notion of the European concert. The root idea is that these four great powers will, by bargaining among themselves, contrive to manage the affairs of the Old World. It is assumed that they can banish war, at any rate among their four selves. They may bind themselves by some mutual pledges against aggression on the Locarno model, especially in the air. Optimists hope for a stabilization, if not a reduction of armament.

The weak point of the arrangement is that two of these powers are attached to things as they are, while the other two are radicals bent on expansion. The suspicion follows that Tory England is not unwilling to buy peace at the expense of the Soviet Union. Hitler's claim for the restoration of the former German colonies may be, as the Foreign Office supposes, nothing but a rather crude essay in blackmail. What he really wants may still be, as it was when he wrote "Mein Kampf," not colonies overseas, but the Russian borderlands. So the imperial Abraham looks hopefully towards this ram caught in the thicket, and diverts the sacrificial knife in its direction. That may be too crass an interpretation of the thoughts of Downing Street. What one may fairly say, and all that one ought to say, is that the Soviet Union is to be excluded from the managing club of the four great powers. The assumption is that France, swinging to the Right, can be induced to abandon the Franco-Soviet pact, or at least to allow it to decay, while Czechoslovakia, after somehow placating her German minority, will drop out of the power-pattern of Europe by neutralizing herself on the Belgian model.

This Tory conception of a workable organization for Europe stands in sharp contrast to the two alternatives that find favor among progressives. It is opposed to the ideal of a universal League of Nations, though the Tories propose rather to ignore than to scrap that institution. Even more is it opposed to the expedient of the Left—a mutual defensive alliance, within the framework of the League, among Britain, France and the Soviet Union. This is conceived as an "ideological"

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group, an international People's Front. Its advocates assign to it the task of defending "democracy" against "fascism," and tend to forget that these three great powers, which in their internal politics follow a leftward direction, are on the world stage conservative "Haves," with open spaces and ample sources of raw materials to protect.

After this glance at Mr. Chamberlain's wider policy of peace, let us turn to the Italian treaty. It was achieved on the Italian side by remorseless military and political pressure. Roman money and wireless propaganda fostered the Arab revolt in Palestine. The Fascist control of Spain threatened both the main sea-routes of the British Empire, and as directly those of France. Finally and chiefly, by concentrating a big army in Libya, a nearly worthless colony which has been developed solely for strategical ends, the Duce openly threatened Egypt with invasion. The positive value of the treaty to the British Empire lies in the cessation of this hostile pressure. The garrison of Libya will be reduced, rather slowly, to half its present strength. Italian support for the Arab rebels will cease, though this service may now be passed on to Berlin. As to Spain, familiar promises of the gentleman's agreement are renewed. The central clause of the treaty is, doubtless, the general undertaking to exchange information as to all military dispositions in the Mediterranean region, which includes Northeast Africa and Arabia. This is an arrangement that means, according to the traditions of diplomacy, a fairly high degree of confidence and friendship. It should clear away, if both sides "play fair," the poisonous suspicions of recent years. It may, and indeed ought to, pave the way for some limitation of armaments. At the same time, various pledges of old standing are solemnly renewed, notably as to Lake Tana; the *status quo* in Arabia is recognized and provision made for some small rectification of the frontiers of Ethiopia.

Morally all this is secondary. The real significance of the treaty is that it provides for the formal recognition of one of the Roman Empire's conquests, and seems to sanction the other. A use has at last been found by Tory statecraft for the League: it is to condone the aggression which it vainly sought to prevent. The scandal of this arrangement is greatly aggravated by the fact that Ethiopian resistance continues: it is indeed doubtful whether the Italians control half the country. But it is the Spanish clauses that are decisive for our verdict on this treaty. All the world has read them as a tacit license from the British Empire to Italy to complete the destruction of the Republic. The governing fact about the negotiations is that Mr. Chamberlain undertook them while Mussolini was still engaged upon the conquest of the Peninsula. To choose this moment to enter upon a new era of friendly intimacy with Italy was to proclaim that Britain is at least indifferent to this act of aggression. Mr. Eden's stipulation that the Italian troops should withdraw from Spain before the negotiations started, was the least that any honorable standard of international morals required.

To be sure, the Duce does repeat in this treaty the offer he has been making at frequent intervals since December, 1936, to withdraw the troops whose existence he simultaneously denied. Reference is made as usual to the efforts of the London committee to obtain a general withdrawal of foreign combatants. We have, however, seen too much of that notorious committee to feel any interest in its further doings. The really operative pledge that Mussolini has given is to withdraw his army and material when the war is over. In the literal sense this undertaking may be fulfilled. If and when the Republican armies are destroyed and the workers disarmed, the Moors should suffice, with the Carlists and the Phalanx, to hold the masses down. Spain need not become a vassal specifically of Italy. The intention is rather that she shall revolve around the Rome-Berlin axis. Germany has given no pledge of withdrawal, and for military purposes it should suffice that some of her officers and technicians should remain. These (and for that matter Italians) can readily dodge any undertaking to evacuate, by taking service in the Tercio, the Foreign Legion. As for the Balearic Islands and other strategic positions, whether on the Atlantic coast or near the Straits, no sane expert ever supposed that territory would be ceded. It is enough that land should be leased for civilian airports, or that harbors should come under some privileged arrangement.

But the main tie will be economic. Downing Street clings to the belief that General Franco must come to the City of London for a gold loan. Possibly he may, but that will not prevent exchanges on a barter basis of German and Italian arms, machines and services against Spanish raw materials. The best for which the City can hope is that it may be admitted as a third partner in the exploitation of this Fascist colony. The older empires are now cast for the part of parasites upon their younger rivals. If the British government is complacent over the prospect that England and Germany may obtain a strategic stranglehold over Spain, the explanation doubtless is that it aspires to a relation of permanent friendship with the Fascist axis. If a conservative London, with Paris firmly in tow, can live in lasting amity with Fascist Rome and Nazi Berlin, it need not be much disturbed even if the Germans should establish themselves on the Bay of Biscay and along the Pyrenees, while the Italians make themselves at home in Majorca and perhaps in Malaga. Mr. Chamberlain's rather startling eulogy of Mussolini as a statesman and of fascism as a system of government revealed the drift of Tory thought.

The views of the Left on this treaty may be summed

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up in a few sentences. First, we do not share the belief, even now, that the Republic is virtually destroyed. It can resist for several months yet: if it could obtain an adequate supply of arms and food, it could win the war. Second, on its record, we doubt the good faith of Rome, though Mussolini, nearing exhaustion, may sincerely welcome a truce. But the ultimate ambition of the Roman Empire is to acquire Tunis and Egypt, and this can be managed only during a general European war. As we see it, with that possibility ahead of us, the axis is today gaining all the vital strategical positions —first the Rhineland, then the gates of the Danube and finally Spain. It is in vain that Britain arms, if she has already surrendered these keys. Spain, as we see it, was the ideal ground on which Fascist aggression should have been met and defeated. France has access by land, as she has not to Central Europe, and Britain the command of the encircling seas. A gallant nation fought for the common cause and asked only for its legal right to buy arms. The iniquity of this betrayal is surpassed only by its folly.

London H. N. BRAILSFORD

Cordell Hull for President?

ONLY ONE SPEAKER received a genuine ovation at the recent Washington convention of the United States Chamber of Commerce. The program was studded with the names of Cabinet members, Senators, bankers and industrial big shots, and all of them received their due measure of applause. The more pronounced their aversion to the New Deal and all its works, the more emphatic their applause. But for only one man did the representatives of big business really get up on their feet and let loose their emotions. That man was Cordell Hull.

One might expect that the administration would be pleased to discover that it retained at least one leading figure who holds the confidence of the business community. But hardly had the Chamber of Commerce convention adjourned when The Baltimore Evening Sun, no irresponsible rumor-monger, asserted that Mr. Hull was contemplating resignation. Friction inside the State Department, growing out of Mr. Roosevelt's apparent predilection for the advice of Under-secretary Sumner Welles, was given as the cause. Mr. Hull immediately told a press conference that the report was "absurd and fantastic." From Mr. Hull's point of view it was undoubtedly just that, for the Secretary of State has no intention of giving up that post. But where did the rumor start? It must have been in quarters which convinced the Baltimore paper of its plausibility. Could there have been any connection between the two apparently unconnected episodes, which nevertheless took place within ten days of each other—the ovation tendered by the Chamber of Commerce and the buzz along the Washington grapevine that Mr. Hull is on his way out?

However that may be, there can no longer be any question that Mr. Hull is well on his way to becoming a ticklish political problem for the administration. Quite without deliberate intention on the part of the Secretary of State, the political situation is developing in such fashion that it won't be long before Mr. Roosevelt will have to reckon with a Hull presidential boom. Within another year, it can be safely predicted, a full-fledged campaign for Mr. Hull's nomination in 1940 will be under way. Before the Democratic convention meets, the Hull-for-President drive will have gathered the support of almost all the powerful conservative interests. Unless Mr. Hull himself puts a quietus on this movement (and that is unlikely) it stands a good chance of entering the convention in command of from three to four hundred votes. What will Mr. Roosevelt do about it?

These predictions are not based on any secret, inside information. So far as I know, Mr. Hull is not turning a hand to start a presidential boom in his own behalf. There have been no "Cordell Hull days" in Tennessee, patterned after the model of the recent "Jesse Jones day" in Arkansas, and there will be none. Such discussion of Mr. Hull's availability as has come from his friends has, so far, been scattered, unauthorized and wholly unorganized. In the political sense, there is as yet no Hull presidential boom. But it is coming, as sure as sunrise. The logic of the political situation is working inexorably to this end. Anyone who gets about the country can discover how quick would be the response in conservative quarters to a drive for Mr. Hull's nomination. And when you see such a drive in the offing you naturally wonder what Mr. Hull's chief thinks about it. For Mr. Roosevelt must sense the way in which this situation is shaping up; the White House is well served by its political espionage service.

It is commonly believed in Washington that Mr. Roosevelt will not be a candidate for a third term, but that he intends to dictate the Democratic nomination for his successor. To be sure, he has assured some aspirants that the field is wide open and that he intends to keep his hands off. But the politicians do not take this seriously. To protect his own record, Mr. Roosevelt will almost certainly try to force the Democratic convention in 1940 to name a candidate who will carry on the New Deal. The chances are that he can do this without serious difficulty, despite all the talk to the contrary now to be heard in conservative circles and

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in the anti-Roosevelt press. But when the President turns to the picking of his successor, whom will he support? The melancholy warning of 1908 can hardly be ignored.

So far, Mr. Roosevelt has had almost no luck in building up a candidate out of his immediate political following. In the Cabinet, the only dyed-in-the-wool New Dealer with lively presidential aspirations seems to be Mr. Wallace, and it is extremely unlikely that any widespread urban enthusiasm can be worked up in favor of a Secretary of Agriculture whose principal achievements have been in obtaining bigger and better bonuses for farmers. Robert H. Jackson has been suggested as a candidate for the succession, but before he can be seriously considered he will have to prove his power as a vote-getter in New York. Among the Governors, Earle, Murphy and McNutt have been mentioned. But the first has pretty well eliminated himself; the last would be anathema to the Roosevelt liberal following; and Governor Murphy suffers from the Catholic taboo. So, for that matter, do the sometimes suggested Kennedy and Farley. Who among the New Dealers in Congress stands out as a possible serious contender? Imperious executives of the Roosevelt type do not develop natural successors.

Now look at the other side of the picture. Whatever Mr. Roosevelt may do to put a New Deal candidate in the field, there is sure to be a conservative candidate with aggressive backing. Every day the recession continues, every day relief rolls mount, makes this the more certain. But this conservative candidate will not necessarily wear a Republican label. In fact, there are increasing signs that the real fight to nominate a conservative will not take place in the Republican convention at all. The big-money boys learned a bitter lesson with their American Liberty League two years ago. They have become sufficiently aware of the political implications of the disappearance of high-powered Republican machines from former GOP strongholds to be skeptical of the chances for a Republican comeback. A realistic politician like Senator Vandenberg (the only genuine Republican threat) recognizes this; all his political prospecting these days is in terms of a coalition candidacy of some kind.

But any conservative coalition is much more likely to settle on a Democrat than on a Republican for its support. Big business knows that it stands far more chance to regain control of the federal administration by playing along with men like Garner, Harrison, O'Connor and Hatton Sumners, as well as with the conservative Democratic city machines in the North, than by hoping for anything from a tie-up with Snell or Hamilton or the Hoover old guard. This is what gives the Jesse Jones candidacy such life as it has—which isn't much. Mr. Jones is unfortunate enough to be a banker, and a banker has even less chance than a Catholic of entering into the presidential Eden.

Well, what's the answer? The answer is Hull. It cannot be anything else. In the Secretary of State there can be seen the one growing figure in the Cabinet, with a truly national reputation; a man whose loyalty to Roosevelt has never been questioned, yet who bears none of the scars of the New Deal's internal battles; a front-rank political figure who looks and acts the presidential role. Even Mr. Hull's few failures in his own department—as, for example, at the London economic conference and at Brussels—are not charged against him, but against his chief. Considered from the standpoint of availability, there is nothing against him but his age, and even that (he will be sixty-seven this year) will not offer an insurmountable obstacle to those who are tired of experimentation.

I have had a lot of fun recently, both in the Middle West and in the South, testing out the Hull availability on small business men. I have already heard plenty of the big shots expressing their confidence in the Tennesseean, but it has been even more enlightening to toss his name out in random conversations with local business leaders, just to see what would happen. They jump for the bait like hungry trout! It is evident that they care little about the platform on which he might run, and they have become reconciled to his low-tariff views. (It seems to be gradually dawning on most of our business interests that a low tariff is a necessity for a creditor nation.) But men of this sort recognize in Mr. Hull a man of conservative temper—a "sound" man who happens to find himself in the Cabinet of a wild-man President, but who, by sticking strictly to the knitting of his own department, has managed to go along there without compromising his own soundness or producing a political break. Seeing Mr. Hull in this light, business men of this stripe are emphatic about the satisfaction which it would give them to see him translated to the White House.

And so, one asks, what is Mr. Roosevelt going to do? He will find it hard to take any action that might hurt the feelings of a loyal Cabinet member. The President's tenderness toward Cabinet susceptibilities has already been demonstrated in the case of other members of his official family. He will hesitate a long time before making any move that might be interpreted as blocking the legitimate ambitions of one who has served him as faithfully as has his Secretary of State. But if Mr. Roosevelt does not interfere, and that soon, he runs the chance that Mr. Garner and his astute fellows in the Democratic conservative bloc may maneuver Mr. Hull straight into the nomination.

Consideration must also be given to one type of pressure which will bear on the President to support, or at least maintain neutrality toward, a Hull movement. That will be the argument that as party leader Mr. Roosevelt has a responsibility to do nothing that may split his party. In the case of a Hull candidacy, this argument will be singularly potent. For Mr.

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Hull can undoubtedly do as well as any candidate now in view to hold together the disparate elements in the Democratic voting strength. There is nothing in the Hull record to prove that he is not a New Dealer; accordingly, unless Mr. Roosevelt breaks with him, he should inherit most of the Roosevelt vote. And there is nothing in Mr. Hull's character to suggest that he is other than an old-fashioned Cleveland Democrat; accordingly he would prove perfectly acceptable to the party's old-line cohorts. It would take a determined President, ready to act largely on a personal hunch, to reject that particular party argument.

Nevertheless, Mr. Roosevelt must know in his heart of hearts that his Secretary of State is not the sort of man who could be counted on, as President, to continue the internal legislative program to which the New Deal is committed. With Mr. Hull in the White House, the annual gatherings in the Chamber of Commerce building on the other side of Lafayette Square would no longer echo with the shrieks of the tormented. With Mr. Hull in the White House the columns of the big-business press would no longer ring with denunciation and prophecy of impending doom. Mr. Roosevelt must know that, as his successor, Mr. Hull would liquidate the New Deal even more thoroughly than Taft liquidated the Square Deal program of Roosevelt I. But if he does know it, what is he going to do about it?

PAUL HUTCHINSON

Chinese Diary

The Lung-Hai Railway in Wartime

The Lung-Hai railway was built by the Belgians and runs east and west through the wheat-growing districts immediately south of the Yellow River, from Pa Chi, about one hundred miles west of Sian, to Hsiuchiou. Beyond Hsiuchiou, the track has been torn up, to check a possible Japanese advance. At Chengchow, in Honan, the Lung-Hai links up with the Pin-Han line to Hankow. These two lines form the only artery for moving troops along the Yellow River front, and for carrying eastward such war material as may enter China from Russia, via Chinese Turkestan. The Japanese have repeatedly bombed and shelled it, but, so far, traffic has never been seriously dislocated.

We made several journeys along this line. Here is one of them:

Wednesday. – The sky is cloudless and the midday sun very hot, although it is only the end of March, as the westbound "express" steams into Chengchow. Chengchow station has suffered more than most from air raids. The waiting room is in ruins. In the street outside, all that is left of the Hotel of Flowery Peace is a mass of bricks and one tottering wall. The streets are quiet, because business is only carried on at night.

Our Belgian locomotive has been camouflaged with daubs of mud; the roofs of the third-class carriages are black with refugee passengers. On every journey, we are told, two or three fall off and are killed. Hardly have we got into our compartment, when the air-raid warning sounds, and we have to hurry to the station dugout, while the train pulls out to hide somewhere in the country. The station dugouts are roomy concrete structures: many of them were built as long as two years ago, when the Chinese began to realize that war was sooner or later inevitable. This particular air raid is a false alarm, so we start only an hour late. A last-moment rush of refugees for the already overcrowded train roofs is beaten off by station officials with sticks. The victims merely laugh: their padded coats are so thick that the blows raise only a cloud of dust and lice.

Thursday. – Something has gone wrong. We wake up to find ourselves in a small station, halfway between Sian and Le Yang. There has been an accident farther down the line. Nobody knows the details, or how long we shall have to wait. The train moves out of the station for safety and stops in a ravine between two tunnels. Within half an hour, a complete market town has sprung up around us: peasants sell cigarettes, tea and all sorts of food—boiled chickens varnished red with soya bean, sausage-shaped waffles, hard-boiled eggs. Child beggars gather under the windows, intoning a litany of want and staring at the foreign devils through swollen, trachoma-infected lids. Most of the passengers clamber down and sit about chatting, or go to sleep on the shady side of the line. The engine driver produces some straw and makes a bed for himself under the engine, where he lies reading a book.

Friday. – We have moved during the night, but only one station. As we have found several bedbugs, we decide to have a real spring cleaning of the carriage. While the car-boys are washing the windows, we take out all our bedding, beat it with walking sticks and hang it up on the station fence in the sun. The idea catches on, and soon the station is festooned with clothing. Madame Chiang Kai-shek, we feel sure, would have approved.

By now, the car-boys are very friendly: they bring along a phonograph and some records of Chinese singing which sound startlingly like Donald Duck. We have begun Chinese lessons, which are followed

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by a delighted crowd on the platform. One of the boys produces, but cannot play, a flute.

Saturday. – Again, we scarcely moved at all during the night. We get a lift on the breakdown train to see the accident. On the edge of a steep embankment, two hundred feet above the Yellow River, we find an engine lying on its side amid torn-up track. Halfway down the slope is a splintered carriage. A wheel came off a truck, derailing the whole train: nine people were killed, fifteen seriously injured. But a new track has now been built and we shall leave this evening.

Fuel has run out, meat is high and there is no sugar, only some sticks of what tastes like Edinburgh Rock; but a bottle of whiskey has appeared, unearthed from the box car like a gift from a better world. All the lights on the train are put out, as we move off for our last rabbit dash past the Japanese guns. The train gathers speed, roaring through tunnels and deep cuttings, swaying precariously over high bridges. The carriage is filled with sulphur and smut. Suddenly we come out of a tunnel and see the Yellow River below us and, across the river, brilliant and isolated in the huge dark countryside, like some pretentious roadhouse, the Japanese searchlights. But there is no shot. We plunge into another tunnel, and soon we are passing at high speed through the derelict sidings of Tungwan station, where no train ever stops now. We are clear. Passengers begin to talk and light candles. Tomorrow morning, we shall breakfast in Sianfu.

A Visit to the Front

Early on the morning of March 27, we left Hsiuchiou, in rickshaws, for the northern front. To anybody wishing to visit a battle area whose location and extent are vague, rickshaw travel is strongly to be recommended. Trains get held up, trucks demand roads, horses cannot carry much baggage; but in a rickshaw you are your own master—you can make detours, take short cuts across open country, and, if enemy planes come over, a single bound will land you safely in the ditch.

Where was the war? We asked at every village, but nobody could tell us for certain. There was still no sign of it when, late that afternoon, we bumped downhill into Likwoyi. Somewhere in that marvelously peaceful valley which opened beyond, dotted with laboring coolies in their brilliant blue clothes and big straw hats, were the Japanese.

Ahead of us, a soldier was riding. We stopped him to ask how and why his pony had turned bright green. He explained that the army camouflages all its white horses against aircraft, and directed us to General Chang Tse-chung's headquarters.

General Chang Tse-chung received us with the grave politeness of an elderly university professor—his first words were an apology for the supper he was about to offer us. While it was cooking, he explained the situation. We were nearer to the front than we had supposed—for the Chinese were actually holding the south bank of the Grand Canal, hardly two miles distant. Hanchwang, on the northern canal bank, was in Japanese hands. "But there are also many Chinese troops north of the Canal," the General added. "They are surrounding the Japanese at various points. When these have been taken, we shall advance." At this moment the bell of the field telephone rang. "Ah . . . " murmured the General, apologetically. "We have information that the Japanese will soon begin to fire their gun. Please do not be alarmed. It is only a very small gun. . . . "

After supper, mounted on tiny ponies, we trotted across the fields by the light of the setting sun, toward the lines. In the distance, the boom of the unalarming "small gun" could be heard, like the slamming of a faraway door. We dismounted in another village, now occupied only by troops and barking dogs, where we were introduced to more officers, with the inevitable exchange of visiting cards. From this point, we were told, we must advance in single file, on foot—a precaution perhaps deliberately staged by our hosts to provide us with an extra thrill; for here, as we later discovered, we were not merely out of sight of the enemy but also out of range. The great earthworks, in the twilight, looked absolutely deserted; they were sad with all the boredom and tragic idleness of war. Then their inhabitants, some of them boys of fifteen, emerged from straw-lined holes to salute us as we passed. "How do they recognize an officer?" we asked —for, at the front, there is no distinction of uniforms— and were answered: "An officer is recognized by his face."

It is difficult for a foreigner to assess Chinese morale —for cocksureness and boasting in the Western manner are rare. The average officer speaks of China's chances with an air of gentle deprecation; and yet he is ultimately confident, or, at least, hopeful. "The Japanese fight with their tanks and planes," one of them told us, "but we Chinese fight with our spirit." When we had seen everything, we were asked for our opinion of the trench system. The officers seemed actually disappointed when we praised it: they would really have welcomed even a foreign civilian's advice.

Missionaries in the War Area

Late last autumn, Chengtingfu, in the province of Hopeh, was occupied by Japanese troops. At the Catholic mission station, ten missionaries, French, Belgian, Spanish and Italian, had given shelter to a number of Chinese women refugees. A party of Japanese soldiers, it appears, came to the mission and demanded the women. The missionaries seem to have persuaded them to go away: overnight, the women were smuggled out of the town. But next morning the

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soldiers returned, and furious at having been tricked, murdered all the foreigners. This crime, later investigated by consular officials, was finally admitted, in essentials, by the Japanese authorities themselves.

It was exceptional, no doubt; and every war must necessarily produce such outrages—nevertheless, the prospects are certainly not pleasant for those foreign missionaries and doctors who find themselves planted in the path of a possible Japanese advance. "What we shall do if they come," was a constant topic of conversation at all the mission stations we visited along the Yellow River line; and everywhere our hosts faced the emergency with a matter-of-fact courage which amazed us. There was no question of running away. A mission compound offers the only hope of refuge to a mass of children and of women who will, if left in their own homes, most likely be raped.

At one town, not more than twenty miles from the firing line, we found two mission doctors, an American lady and gentleman, both nearing seventy, preparing for the decisive moment. "We're bricking up all the compound gates," they told us, "except this one. If the Japs come into the town, we shall take it in turns to stay by the gateway, day and night." It is most important, everyone agrees, that the invaders shall be received by a foreigner. You mustn't show that you're frightened, you must argue with them, you must be firm but very polite, you must offer them tea. The technique is now well established, for missionaries who have already "crossed the line" have managed to send letters of advice to their colleagues on the Chinese side. It is very important, of course, to get hold of an officer as soon as possible; the officers are generally courteous and amenable, though they cannot always control their own troops. A few are Christians, and some have even been persuaded to post notices on the hospital gates, officially forbidding entrance.

Meanwhile, the mission hospitals are busy: most of them are full of air-raid victims or of wounded soldiers. Without the assistance of the mission doctors, the Chinese army would be in a bad way indeed, for, outside their hospitals, there are few surgical instruments and hardly any of the portable X-ray sets so vitally necessary in searching for buried shell-splinters and bullets. There is always the air-raid risk. All hospital roofs are clearly marked with their national colors; yet the American Baptist mission at Chengchow had two bombs dropped recently inside its compound. Very few hospitals have dugouts large enough to accommodate all their patients, even if they could be moved in time.

What Is Going to Happen?

With very few exceptions—such as a Catholic priest who said that only Japan can bring Law and Order, and a banker who said that both sides were natives, so what did it matter—the Europeans we have met, even the Germans, have been pro-Chinese, and increasingly confident that, in the long run, China will win. Foreign military attachés who four months ago thought her finished are now extremely optimistic and everyone agrees that the Japanese invasion has at least done one thing: it has unified the Chinese nation as it has never been unified before. The Central Government generals, the generals from Kwangsi, reactionaries and communists, former bandit leaders and anti-bandit societies like the Red Spears, are now fighting side by side. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek is a national hero, as the crowds outside the photographer's window in any obscure little town will testify.

But it would be a mistake to imagine that a Chinese victory is either certain or imminent. Apart from their manifest inferiority in airplanes, tanks, guns, etc., the Chinese appear to have certain psychological characteristics which, from a military point of view, are defects. In the first place, they seem curiously passive; prepared to resist, but hardly to attack. Again and again, we gather, their German advisers have urged them to take the offensive; but, until recently, with little success. In the second place, the Confucian tradition of the gulf between the scholar and the common people is still very strong. There are still far too many people in China—students, professional classes, wealthier business men—who regard the war as a coolies' war; and one gets very sick of hearing: "There are four hundred million Chinese. We have plenty of common soldiers to do the fighting. Our job is to educate ourselves for the task of reconstruction after the war"—particularly when one remembers that it is these very students who have been most ardent in demanding war against Japanese aggression. One staff officer said to us, laughingly: "You think our soldiers very brave, but they don't know they are brave. They set no value on their lives. If you asked *me* to take a rifle and fight, of course I wouldn't do it!"

On the other hand, the war has shown clearly that the Japanese army is not the wonderful fighting machine that some imagined. Its air force is ludicrously ineffective, its discipline poor, and it suffers from a swollen head. Despising the Chinese, it has organized solely for an uninterrupted advance, and has pushed on in small units, regardless of its communications and its rear. Further, in the occupied areas, instead of pacifying the population by decent behavior and small concessions, which would not, in the beginning, have been difficult, it has, by its brutality, done everything to antagonize the common people, who, however much they may have hated the Chinese war-lords, find the Japanese infinitely worse. "Give me four divisions of European troops" said a military expert, "and I could drive every Japanese out of China in six months."

It is rumored that the Japanese would like to stop now; keeping, of course, Manchuria, Peking and Shanghai. The Chinese assert that they will continue

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fighting until they have won all of these back, but whether they will, it is hard to say. Anything less, however, can only mean another war in the future.

As to what will happen in the event of a decisive Chinese victory, it is again impossible to be certain of anything. At the moment, men are fighting on the same side, and behaving indeed as if they were the closest personal friends, who for the past twelve years have been trying to kill each other. Take the Communists, for instance. At the moment, their military help is valuable, and not only Kuomintang officials but even Hong-Kong business men will assure you that, after all, they are not so bad as they have been painted, and that, in any case, they are not real communists at all. But, when asked what role they think the Communists will play after the war, they become ominously vague. "It is not a question of the government working with the Communists," Madame Chiang told us. "It is a question of the Communists working with the government."

But two things seem fairly clear. It will take at least five years to reorganize the country after the war, a work in which, presumably, all parties should be able to coöperate. And the problems of a vast illiterate population, a language which prolongs the process of education by at least two years in comparison with the West and habits of corrupt administration which are by no means dead, make a democratic government in our sense impossible for many years to come. The greatest probability would seem to be some form of centralized military dictatorship.

W. H. AUDEN and CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

South Wind

BY THE TIME this gets into print the national implications inherent in the recent reëlection of Senator George F. Pepper of Florida will have been so fully discussed that any further comment is unnecessary.

Senator Pepper, despite his record of having gone down the line with the administration on every issue, will probably not be remembered as one of our major statesmen. His personal history is typical of most Southern politicians: farm boy to law office to politics. His utterances in the Senate, as recorded in The Congressional Record, are for the most part simply the voice of Hyde Park in the drawling accents of northwest Florida. He is generally credited, however, with being earnest, sincere, honest: and he got back to office on a platform of two sentences. "It is time somebody in authority got in to do some fighting for the poor white man in the South. I have been up in Washington fighting and I will continue to do so."

The Senator, as I have said, may not even get a footnote in the history books: but his reëlection over his anti-New Deal opponent may mark the beginning of a new era in contemporary Southern politics. The Florida senatorial campaign has to be seen against its background: the background that the tourists who whiz along U. S. 1 to Miami Beach and the literary conches who sun themselves at Key West know nothing about. You have got to know the muck country and the turpentine camps and the desolate inland country where the dead pines rise mossy and skeletal out of the barren sandy soil. You have got to have some knowledge of the people and how they live—representing a sizable portion of that one-third of the nation's ill housed, ill clad and ill fed of which the South has far too great a share. You must remember that there are large sections of Florida where the barometer of education and intelligence sinks to an appalling low: where old hates and prejudices are always smoldering, ready to burst into flame: where inertia and indifference are as basic as gravity. It was against this background that the issue of Progressivism v. Conservatism was fought out. And Progressivism, in the only state where the newly arisen KKK shows any sign of substantial strength, won out!

The professional publicists, it seems to me, have a dangerous tendency to think in terms of abstractions. The idea, of course, is that these abstractions enable one to think with the cool clarity of another abstraction, "the social engineer." We are being told, for example, that the machinery of the New Deal is being wrecked by a group of conservative Southern Senators representing the interests of "Bourbon landlords." The first part of this statement, on the evidence, seems to be true. The latter part, containing the abstraction, is largely bunk. It is largely bunk because "Bourbon landlords" are getting to be so few and far between that if the high rate of mortality continues we shall have to preserve one of them in a museum. The most powerful "Bourbon landlord" in the whole South is a corporation domiciled in London, England, having the usual connections with The City. Another powerful "Bourbon landlord" is the Poinsett Lumber Company which owns 5,550 acres of cotton land in Arkansas: and the Poinsett Lumber Company is in turn a subsidiary of the Singer Sewing Machine Corporation. Another powerful "Bourbon landlord," owning no less than 17,000 acres of cotton land, is the Chapman-Dewey Company, also of Arkansas and also controlled by Northern financial interests.

I have been collecting a few names of these "Bourbon landlords," but why go on? The abstractionists, however, should remember this: and remember it

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hard. The plantation system, which they seem to think exists as it does in "Gone with the Wind," has become, to a great extent, a system of absentee ownership—and the owners, the hateful "Bourbon landlords" are banks, insurance companies, the stockholders of New England cotton mills, Wall Street corporations. It may be true that the Southern conservative group in the Senate believes it is acting for the benefit of the "Bourbons." If so, those very unrealistic gentlemen are a little farther removed from the South than I ever thought they were. My own idea is that they know exactly in whose interests they are acting: and if the pipe-line of pressure is to be traced, it will lead, not to the South, but to the place where most such pressure is exerted: Wall Street.

All of which leads me back to Senator Pepper. I will not say, on the basis of his reëlection, that the South is going "Progressive." The South is more than another abstraction: more than just a section. It is also a place where people live and those people are subject to the same pressures that work on other people: and a few additional ones peculiar to the place where they live. I think, however, that it is safe to say that enough people are committed to the New Deal in the South as to make the position of the conservative senatorial group very precarious, if not actually dangerous. Ordinary people do not deal in abstractions. The tenants and farm-hands of the South know who the "Bourbon landlords" really are. They know that it is nonsense to talk about protecting Southern industry when a large percentage of Southern industry, especially in coal and textiles, is owned and controlled by Northern interests. The old states'-rights argument is washed up. The Negro argument still remains—but its effect has already been discounted by the filibuster against the anti-lynching bill. The whole concerted attack on the New Deal, as reflected in a recent poll by Dr. George Gallup's Institute of Public Opinion, resulted in a 10-percent loss of popularity for Roosevelt in the South. The figures are as follows: For Roosevelt in 1936, 76 percent. For Roosevelt today, 66 percent.

This drop may hearten the anti-administration forces, but I would urge them not to celebrate. A 10-percent drop, in the face of a serious depression and the waving of every tattered sectional appeal to prejudice that could be thought of, is not particularly alarming. There are enough Southern people who approve of the basic morality of the New Deal to defeat any out-and-out reactionary candidate. This is shown by the election of Senator Pepper. The group adhering to Senators Glass and Cotton Ed Smith are mistaken if they believe they can mold the national policy of the government on the basis of their political strength back home. The South, whether they and the abstractionists realize it or not, is not the same place it was in the time of John Calhoun.

It would be ridiculous, on the basis of Senator Pepper's victory in Florida, to say that a surge of progressivism is about to sweep over the South. If anybody does say it, it isn't true. New springs, however, have bubbled into being. They may dry up, they may slowly grow into a deep and powerful river. Nobody knows. But the wind is from the South and their sound is on the wind. HAMILTON BASSO

They Still Draw Pictures

FOR THE PAST FORTNIGHT, an exhibition of drawings by Spanish children has been in progress at Lord and Taylor's department store in New York City. The exhibition was under the auspices of the Spanish Child Welfare Association of America, an impartial group which is aiding the little victims of the civil war. (The Association's address is 9 East Forty-sixth Street, New York City.)

Persons better competent to judge than I am tell me that some of the children's work, viewed as art, is extraordinarily promising; but for me, the impressive and poignant thing about these pictures is how much they resemble drawings made by children of the same age in this country. Only a few of them, at least on hurried first inspection, seemed characteristically Spanish. Here were the two-dimensional houses, the geometrical gardens without perspective, the horses in profile, that an American seven-year-old draws. In bright crayon, they had repeated the customary flowering plant (green and red) and the smoke from a chimney (black and brown curlicues, like a pig's tail). Rarely did they show bombers in the sky, or refugees boarding a ship, or a ruined building. (A Spaniard who had seen these drawings pointed out to me the conspicuous absence of pictures of food, a popular theme with American children, but a painful subject in the Iberian Peninsula just now.)

These children made their drawings in Madrid, Valencia or Alicante. It is reasonable to suppose that since they did their work, a few weeks ago, some of them have been killed or wounded by Franco's planes. The rest, you may be sure, are steadily hungry. Some have lost one or both parents; many have left the dear familiar homes of earliest association, and are packed in refugee barracks—though even here they are often not safe from the terror in the sky.

I leave it to the psychologists to say what the adult life will be like of one with these childhood memories; the immediate question is whether they will survive to have any adult life at all. For many thousands of Spanish boys and girls there is a shortage of everything—medicines, milk, chocolate, other foods, clothing, shoes, shelter. Six dollars will keep going for a month one of the little artists whose industrious crayon scribblings I saw at Lord and Taylor's. It seems not a bad investment. B. B.

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The Pennsylvania Primary

WHAT SIGNIFICANCE should be attached to Pennsylvania's primary campaign? Is it true, as conservative newspapers chortled in big black headlines, that the results were a smashing defeat for the New Deal and the CIO? What is the future of the regular Democratic organization in that state? These are complicated matters that require more analysis than a mere glance at the figures.

As the daily press has said, Governor George H. Earle, in the Democratic primary, won the senatorial nomination over Mayor S. Davis Wilson of Philadelphia, candidate supported by the CIO, by a very wide margin. Earle's running-mate, Charles A. Jones, defeated Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Kennedy, the CIO candidate, in a much closer contest for the Democratic nomination for Governor. And in the Republican primaries Judge Arthur H. James of the State Superior Court and Senator James J. Davis won the nominations for Governor and Senator over Gifford Pinchot and G. Mason Owlett. Judge James, a reactionary within his party and an avowed anti-New Dealer, polled more than one-third of the votes cast for all five gubernatorial candidates, 350,000 more than Mr. Jones, who won on the Democratic ticket. That means the Pennsylvania Democrats must unite their forces to avoid defeat in November, defeat which might cost them the national elections in 1940. In order to save strength they may even have to make up with the third gubernatorial contestant, Charles A. Margiotti, the man who spilled all the dirt and upset many applecarts.

Margiotti never really was a part of the Democratic machine, but the rift between the other two factions is hard to explain. True, there were some sharp personal differences. Senator Guffey raised David Lawrence from virtual obscurity to his present position of Secretary of the Commonwealth and State Democratic boss. He did so because the Senator found in Lawrence a capable lieutenant. One of the rules of the game demands that lieutenants must know their place, and Mr. Lawrence almost forgot that rule. His allegiance began to waver and the Senator was annoyed. It was no more, however, than a family quarrel, and would never have come to an open split had not the CIO gone stubborn and insisted upon the nomination of Thomas Kennedy for Governor. The situation presented a dilemma *and* an opportunity. To have allowed the CIO to go paddle its canoe might have meant the permanent splintering off from the Democratic Party of a significant body of voters. By joining with the CIO, on the other hand, Mr. Guffey saw a chance to stage a triple coup. He was sure to give Lawrence a splitting headache, almost as sure to prove to the CIO, without impairing its support, that labor is not nearly so strong politically as it thinks it is, and to place himself, whichever side wins, in position to drive a bargain whenever the inevitable reconciliation comes.

The campaign of this curious hybrid—the CIO-Guffey faction—proceeded with considerable travail. It did not get started until five weeks before the primaries, and it had to begin from scratch. Labor's Non-Partisan League, from which some help was expected, was as good as dead and no one bestirred himself to revive it. Those in charge of the campaign were for the most part inexperienced, and no match for the "regular" machine. Mr. Guffey himself made a number of campaign speeches, and kept himself sufficiently in the limelight to be sure of credit in the event of victory. The press could be counted on to place defeat at labor's door. He did not, despite all the publicity to the contrary, crack the patronage whip nearly so much as he might have done.

Considering these handicaps, Kennedy's vote of over half a million, only 60,000 behind the winner, is a remarkable achievement. The suggestion that a large part of it is due to Guffey influence is simply not borne out by the facts. Most of Kennedy's strength came from industrial communities. Labor made an excellent showing, and the labor vote and some of the ward chairmen came from the ranks of the A. F. of L.

The two factions must and will unite. All sorts of rumors and guesses are current about the terms of settlement, but no one really knows. The "machine" victory is meaningless without help from the CIO-Guffey group. On its side, labor dares not allow a tory like Judge James to become Governor of Pennsylvania. Each side is therefore helpless without the other, and even together the fight will be a difficult one. It will be difficult not only because of the large Republican vote, and because no one knows what will happen to Margiotti's 175,000 votes, but because the graft charges against several Democratic incumbents may bring indictments before the November election. This is the machine's great weakness, and one which will diminish its bargaining power. There is little reason, however, to expect that the elected nominee will resign to make room for the appointment of a substitute. The most that can be expected is that labor will get promises of some important Cabinet posts, and that David Lawrence will acknowledge Guffey as boss.

The senatorial contest measured up to expectations. The placing of S. Davis Wilson on the ticket was a grave mistake. One of the reasons advanced, unofficially, is that his police were expected to help the liberal forces get their votes counted. Whatever help he might have given in that respect, he was otherwise a liability from beginning to end. George Earle made a fairly good record as Governor; he deserved the nomination, and he got it. Labor helped to nominate him. Its determination to do so antedates Jim Farley's eleventh-hour instructions.

Pittsburgh, Pa. ROSE M. STEIN

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Shoot the Works

Beyond the Three R's

ALL THE AVAILABLE FIGURES on unemployment seem to show that the pressure comes chiefly on those less than twenty-five years of age and those more than forty-five. In other words, the young and the middle-aged cut each others' throats in the labor market. And until the problems of distribution and of technological displacement have been met, it is hard to figure out a solution.

Defenders of the philosophy of the National Progressives say that Phil La Follette has been correct in keeping the economic program of his party vague because blueprints at this time would simply lead to schism. They say it is enough that he has declared for "prosperity through abundance." But in this respect I think he has already said too much. "Prosperity through abundance" has a pleasant sound and it is a condition that can be realized through socialism. But under even modified capitalism, "prosperity through abundance" has a shorter and more punishing name. It can be called "deflation."

Everybody in America remembers periods of abundance in our national life which were also periods of panic and great suffering. People have starved while fruit and produce rotted in the fields or freight yards. Prices were so low that it was not worth any man's time to move them. The problem of distribution can't be wiped out of the picture.

However, if it is true that labor costs tend to fall below subsistence levels on account of the competition between those who are too young to have acquired experience and those whose skill begins to slacken, then it would seem the part of common sense to keep some of these competitors out of the market. Naturally there should be an effective child-labor law to keep the very young from underbidding their elders. But there must be something on the positive side as well. You cannot keep young men and women idle even for the sake of preserving jobs for those in the group above forty-five years of age. The answer lies in a vast extension of public education. And I think that in addition to extending facilities there should be a change in the general nature of the curriculum. I have an interesting letter along these lines from Dr. Duncan M. Chalmers:

> It is about time for laboring groups to begin a concerted attack on our educational institutions. There is no reason why labor should be taken in by cries of the necessities of maintaining the purity of academic pursuits. The only people who gain by such a stand are those who have no intention of seeing labor obtain a real measure of economic democracy. An educational policy that has no rapport with social actualities is a menace to security and a bulwark of reaction. It is inexcusable that recent discoveries in physics, chemistry and biology should remain laboratory curiosities until such a time as some private concern sees a profit in their application. Most of these advances are the result of collective research and can only be socially useful when applied for a collective purpose.
>
> Our public schools with their meager technical and scientific culture turn out only unskilled or semi-skilled workers when we consider the comparative complexity of our means of production. This is not a necessary state of affairs. A more adequate scientific culture can be developed and made available to the average boy and girl. A social structure headed by a few clever people and without the intelligent coöperation of the average man or woman is a forerunner of tyranny and destruction. As things stand now, both labor leaders and political leaders in this country are at the mercy of technicians whose own training invokes no recognition of their social responsibilities. Millikan, Compton and other great scientific names are rarely associated with social reforms and collective benefits. The "applied" scientists on the TVA, technicians of the USPH Service, geneticists, biochemists, animal experimenters *et al.* in federal, state and cooperative institutions are the genuine foundation architects of a better social order. Their work has much to gain when closely allied with laboring groups; but their work is futile when tied to a profit economy.

It may be argued of course that if we are suffering from technological unemployment an increase in efficiency may leave us even worse off than before. But obviously the slack would have to be taken up not only by the shorter working life. It is not fantastic to see the possibility of a society in which the average man remains in the formative stage of training until he is twenty-five and then slips off the harness at forty-five. Naturally certain indispensable persons of high talent would go on beyond this period. But the rest would be in the reserve corps.

Moreover, while we are rearranging curricula, I would go even farther than Dr. Chalmers. The study of the liberal arts might well undergo revision in a democratic scheme of education. The fight against the dead languages is being won. Today the student can get by with small Latin and less Greek. That is just as well, for the insistence on such subjects tended to create a Mandarin class. Naturally classical scholarship should not perish from the earth, but it can safely be entrusted to specialists and volunteers.

What concerns me is the study of living languages and particularly English in our secondary schools and colleges. If I speak bitterly of the time I was forced to spend with "Silas Marner," I will undoubtedly be told that much progress has been made since the days when I was a scholar —if indeed the name applies. But the foundation of instruction in English still depends upon the forced perusal of a certain number of required books. I hold that the average man would have far more fervor for Shakespeare if he met him up an alley rather than in a classroom.

To my mind the fundamental essential in the study of English should be training to enable the pupil to read a newspaper intelligently. This instruction should give the pupil the ability to read between the lines and also make himself acquainted with the invisible footnotes which lie at the bottom of many columns printed in our daily press. If the newspapers of America fall very far short of keeping all channels of information clear, the fault lies largely with the reader. He is not critical enough by half. Sometimes he has a vague uneasy feeling that he is being fooled and done in, but he is not expert enough to put his finger on the trouble. When we have developed a public which demands more complete coverage and an increase in impartial reporting, those demands must and will be met.

Again it seems to me that many phases of the science of economics by which we live or die are taught not at all in high school and only indifferently in the colleges. All of us are concerned with the problem of trade unionism. It touches those who belong to unions and those who

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do not. It is a subject which comes up in our daily life constantly in a score of forms. And these are not problems which can be solved by any rule of thumb.

Orators urge us, and quite properly I believe, to work for the more abundant life in the United States. But we will not get very far along that road unless we know the precise nature of our objectives and how they may be attained. Education must be modeled to meet the requirements of the common man. Labor should not forever be crucified upon a curriculum. HEYWOOD BROUN

Washington Notes

Pennsylvania Hornbook

THE DEFEAT of Mr. Thomas Kennedy in last week's Pennsylvania primary is bound to be pondered over by labor—especially by the new labor movement that has come into being during the last five years. Except for city elections in Detroit and Seattle, it is the first important political action that the new labor movement has undertaken, and it has failed. Must it be said that John L. Lewis overshot himself? What is the lesson Pennsylvania ought to teach?

Essentially, Tom Kennedy's campaign was an attempt by the new labor movement to win a place in the leadership of the Pennsylvania Democratic Party proportionate to its numbers and civic energy. In the elections of 1934 and 1936, it supplied from 800,000 to 1,000,000 votes to the Pennsylvania Democratic totals. In last week's primary, it was asking for its due share of party authority.

There are many authorities on labor strategy—some of them of great influence in the American Labor Party of New York—who think that it is futile for labor to hope to work within either of the major parties. They say that the Democratic Party—or the Republican—will always cheerfully accept labor's support, but that when labor asks for a place in the party's councils, it will receive what Mr. Kennedy just received, a swift, short left jab to the jaw. These critics insist that labor must have a political vehicle of its own, on the model of the American Labor Party.

These Notes are no place for a discussion of basic labor strategy. An independent labor party may be a necessary future step. But, in my opinion, a decision ought not be taken in the first, momentary disappointment at what happened in Pennsylvania. Last week's primary does not prove that Mr. Lewis blundered. It does not prove that labor cannot work in collaboration with the Democratic Party. What it does show is that sub-leaders of the CIO in Pennsylvania are politically unseasoned and green.

There are two chief reasons why Mr. Kennedy lost the primary. The first, in a sense, was accidental. Mr. Charles J. Margiotti, independent candidate for the gubernatorial nomination, ran as a virtual ally of Mr. Kennedy. His campaign was directed against the Democratic bosses, Messrs. Lawrence, McCloskey and Kelly, and their candidate, Mr. Charles A. ("Caspar Milquetoast") Jones. Mr. Margiotti accused the bosses of sinister relations with Pennsylvania distillery interests and other heinous dealings, and his revelations redounded to Mr. Kennedy's advantage. Unhappily, in the course of his labor of love for Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Margiotti managed to make himself the idol of his fellow Pennsylvania Italians, who deserted their union affiliations in great numbers to vote for their new-found hero. This was something that no one—including Mr. Margiotti—had anticipated.

The second reason that Mr. Kennedy lost was the political inexperience of CIO and LNPL workers in Philadelphia. In the western half of the state, the CIO had many county and district committeemen. In dozens of instances, its members were able to swing local Democratic organizations to Mr. Kennedy's cause. But in Philadelphia, the CIO workers were sheep before the organization wolves. The LNPL did not begin its now-famous attempt to create ward cadres until the eve of the primary campaign. Mr. S. Davis Wilson, the slightly redolent Philadelphia mayor, was placed on the Kennedy ticket as candidate for United States Senator, on the desperate and vain chance that his municipal employees would supply necessary precinct workers and poll watchers. On primary day, Mr. Kennedy did not receive anything like his legitimate share of Philadelphia's labor vote.

A shift of about 50,000 votes in a poll of more than a million would have given Mr. Kennedy the nomination for Governor and the CIO an authoritative share in the leadership of the Pennsylvania Democratic Party. It was by no means a mad adventure that Mr. Lewis embarked on. By conservative standards, it was a proper risk that he took. Luck was against him.

Mr. Lewis deserves to be judged by the rules of professional politicians. The CIO, politically, was a dissident faction in the Pennsylvania Democratic Party. It is almost a law of American politics that a faction, revolting against the titular bosses, does not succeed on its first try. But when the bosses contrive to keep their power only by an insignificant margin, it nearly always means that the faction will win with its next attempt. A preliminary campaign seems essential in order to give a faction the experience and cohesion needed for eventual leadership.

In the debate on Mr. Roosevelt's new recovery bill, reactionary Congressmen speak of the money previously spent as if it were national treasure that had somehow mysteriously vanished. Mr. Roosevelt has spent $20,000,000,000, they say, $20,000,000,000 lost forever. The Treasury segregates relief and recovery spending, and through April its accounting shows a gross expenditure of $20,944,748,104.98. However, nearly three billions represent unexpended balances that the Treasury is still grimly guarding. The briefest glance shows that at least half of remainder has gone for tangible additions to our national capital equipment. The largest item is $4,700,000,000 spent by the WPA. To this it is necessary to add $700,000,000 contributed by local authorities. About 90 percent of this total has gone into the creation of physical wealth, the remainder for white-collar projects. The PWA has spent about $1,000,000,000, and another $100,000,000 for low-cost housing. Approximately 55 percent is recoverable by the federal government, and it all represents new capital construction. The CCC has spent $1,300,000,000 for conservation, which is a national investment likely to yield high returns in the future. The emergency public-roads

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program has taken $1,200,000,000, and the river-and-harbor program $500,000,000. The FERA and CWA, together, spent $3,900,000,000, a large part of which resulted in additions to the national wealth. Of the remainder, the RFC has lent or made grants of $3,200,000,000, some of which, as the reactionaries might recall, has served to shore up mismanaged banks and railroads. The rest has gone to the HOLC, the Farm Credit Administration, the Farm Security Administration and a dozen lesser agencies.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Upturn Continues Downward

THE COURSE of business and the course of government expenditures are far from justifying any hopes at this moment for any very early upturn in business. Business activity for April was lower than in March. It is too early to form a judgment about May, since accurate statistical information for the first half of the month is not available. But such figures as are at hand seem to indicate that May will be no better than April.

In spite of this an opinion prevails that we are to see a very definite improvement in business—perhaps an incipient boom within six months. Of course no man can say what fortuitous event will intervene. Maybe the belief is based upon the expectation of a flood of government spending. The government, to be sure, has not disclosed its plans as to how it would space its spendings. Only those in the know can formulate an opinion of the future if this is the force that is to produce the improvement. All one can say is that from where we stand here and now there is in sight no force that would justify any man in saying that an upturn of any importance is imminent.

The corrected reports of Treasury spendings for April are just in. They reveal a deficit for that month of over $400,000,000. This is the largest federal deficit for any month in this fiscal year. This, perhaps, may be taken by some as an augury of very vigorously stepped-up government spending. But the figures are a little deceiving. The deficit was greatest not because the government spent more money than in any month, but because tax collections fell off sharply.

The government spent more money in several months than it did in April. April spendings were actually less than in March or in December. Recovery expenditures were a little higher, but really only about ten millions over the average for the fiscal year.

What happened, however, was that the government's tax returns were considerably curtailed in April. March is a month of great collections; April is not. But not only did income taxes fall off, but all sorts of taxes fell off. And there was, for some reason, a considerable drop in old-age-benefit taxes, which has been made up this month. The truth is that the government has not stepped up its expenditures as yet on any very considerable scale sufficient to produce a real business upturn that shows in the statistics.

The money for relief is of course large. But it will not permit any very greatly increased expenditures on relief over what they are now. The PWA money is going to run into trouble. First of all, a great many cities and states have either exhausted or are approaching the exhaustion of their legal borrowing power. They had not reached this point when the first PWA money was unleashed. Then they were begging for money. Now the government is begging the cities to take money. Second, it will take time to get building operations under the PWA really going. No important part of that money will actually flow into people's pockets for many months yet. As for loans to business by the RFC or a government-organized banking system, that is going to result in a very meager flow of money on loans. It may look well when stated in millions. But in this situation a few millions will not do much good.

It is possible that the government, if it spaces its expenditures properly and prices remain where they are, may hold the depression where it is for a while. But that it will succeed within six months in producing any actual recovery is extremely doubtful.

Bethlehem Steel Corporation stockholders have lost their suit to check a present of $16,000,000 by the company to Mr. Schwab, Mr. Grace and other officers. But the decision, made by Judge Pecora, must not be taken as a vindication of the officers. On the contrary, Judge Pecora decided the case on a point of procedure having no connection with the merits of the case.

Back in 1930, when Bethlehem was making arrangements to take over Youngstown Sheet and Tube, Bethlehem stock looked like a good buy. Therefore the corporation sold about 220,000 of its shares to about 100 officials at $91.60 a share, which was less than market value. Mr. Grace got about 60,000 shares. He, like the others, was to pay for the shares at the rate of 50 cents a month per share, all dividends to be applied on principal. It looked like a good deal for the officers. With the Youngstown merger consummated, Bethlehem stock, they figured, would go up. Thus they bought the stock with the company's money and stood a good chance of making a big profit. But, as everyone knows, the merger with Youngstown fell through. The depression deepened and the stock continued to drop heavily in value. Now Mr. Grace and his associates propose to have the stockholders take the stock back and shoulder the loss. We may be sure, if the stock had risen in price, it would not have been returned to the corporation to enable it to take over the profit. Mr. Grace *et al.* wish to have the corporation cancel the sale of stock to them and return them all they paid in, plus the interest they paid on the loan. However, part of the money they paid was dividends from the company. This is to be returned also. In other words, the thing is to be canceled *ab initio*, which is pretty bad. But the corporation is going to return the principal and interest payments and allow these gentlemen to hold the dividends, which makes it a good deal worse.

The directors were getting ready to submit this to a vote of the stockholders. The opponents of the plan asked Judge Pecora to grant an injunction restraining the submission of the proposal to the stockholders. Judge Pecora very properly decided that there could be no justification

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for failing to submit any plan proposed to the stockholders. But he characterized it as a "heads-I-win, tails-you-lose" proposal for the stockholders. Stockholders' funds were used to finance the deal. If the market went up, Grace and others would get the profits. If it went down the stockholders would get the loss. JOHN T. FLYNN

The Bandwagon

The Nazi Party in Upper Austria has presented to Herr Hitler a prehistoric stone club as a symbol of the absorption of Austria by the Reich. – *Berlin dispatch to The London Times.*

"I have never served anywhere where Methodist Episcopal clergymen are treated as royally as they are in Jersey City," said Rev. Wilbert Westcott, First Church pastor here, formerly of Jersey City. Mr. Westcott told of receiving a police escort when he went to attend a dying man after dark.

"The officer who accompanied me said, 'We never let a minister out after dark without an escort,'" said Mr. Westcott. Some of the delegates laughed.

"You laugh, but a man's life is in jeopardy when he goes into the lower end of Jersey City after dark," Mr. Westcott said. – *From a news item in The Newark, N. J., Evening News.*

We find that all Russian pictures have propaganda in them, and our people do not care for that. – *Dr. Mueller Beckedorff of Berlin, quoted in The Los Angeles Examiner.*

Was His Face in the Red!

John J. McMannus, specialist on the floor of the Exchange said: "About ten days before the suspension, he [Richard Whitney] called me out of the crowd that I stood in and said: 'Jack, I'm a little embarrassed for two or three days: could you let me have $100,000?' I said: 'This is rather sudden.' It was embarrassing." – *Testimony before the Securities and Exchange Commission quoted in The New York Times.*

A Cop in Every Cherry Tree

Cox took the lie-detector test himself at the suggestion of Judge Brennan and then asked that West be subjected to the test also. West said he was willing, but Lieutenant Kennedy Lawrence, of the vice squad, his superior, forbade it on the ground that duly-sworn police officers always tell the truth without the necessity of lie-detector apparatus. – *News item in The Detroit Free Press.*

Any Nominations?

Dorothy Thompson of The New York Herald Tribune remarked that people who "write with authority on every subject under the sun" should be "abolished from journalism." – *From a news item in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. – THE EDITORS

A Communication

Mr. Mumford Replies

SIR: The editors of The New Republic took a whole supplement to set forth adequately their policy of National Defense [March 30]. Since my exposition of an alternative policy [May 18] was limited by your editorial requirements to some three thousand words, it is hardly to be wondered that there are points raised by my article that need further expansion to carry full conviction.

But if the readers of my article pay closer attention to its contents than did the editors of The New Republic, they will find—contrary to the assumptions of the editorial—that it is aimed, not at the military menace of fascism, whose dangers I specifically deny, but at its moral menace: its capacity to effect democratic disintegration, partly by the example of its amoral successes, partly by trading, for the purposes of blackmail, on humanity's honorable and widespread hatred of war itself.

This breakdown of internal morale is precisely what the policy of Non-Intercourse is aimed at. My repeated references to fascist elements within our country contradicts the editors' strange assumption that I am ignorant of these murky potentialities. There is no conflict whatever between taking a militant stand against fascism and providing, as The New Republic has wisely suggested, for various internal measures leading to social justice and economic security. If I did not emphasize my general agreement with The New Republic's stand on behalf of social reconstruction, it was only because it seemed more needful, in the limited space at my command, to stress the new elements in the situation: the need, not for passive resistance to fascism, but for outright attack.

As for the economic argument against Non-Intercourse, it is singularly specious. Buying power in international trade is dependent upon the exchange of goods: hence the cutting off of our purchases, particularly in the case of Japan, and the cutting off of our tourist trade in Germany and Italy, are both effectual means of reducing the shipment of American goods into those countries. That non-intercourse cannot be made watertight does not mean that it could not be made relatively effective. The recent shipment of munitions to Germany well demonstrates the need.

The editors completely overlook the fact that this first attack upon fascism has primarily domestic consequences: it shifts attention from the false bogies of communism, or even radicalism, to the real enemy, fascism; it proposes to isolate fascism both abroad and *at home*. At the same time, it would definitely raise the morale of democratic nations throughout the world, by guaranteeing them, under the protection of our naval and aerial arms, against being starved out or bottled up by fascist countries, through war or piracy. Such a policy would probably ensure victory for Loyalist Spain, and it would halt the series of spurious fascist "successes" upon which the totalitarian regimes flourish.

The essential difference between the editors of The New Republic and myself does not lie in the fact that they are sweetly reasonable men, whilst I have unaccountably taken

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to talking like a "sublimated recruiting officer." The difference is essentially this: they are more afraid of a possible, but by no means inevitable, war than they are of fascism. Whereas I am more afraid of the permanent barbarism of fascism than of the temporary barbarism of war—should the fascist states decide to fight it out. The attitude expressed by the editors of The New Republic seems to me the very element that has caused the democratic parties and the democratic countries shamefully to knuckle under to the strutting barbarisms that have attacked them.

On this final matter of what one's attitude toward freedom and force must be, I am happy to summon to my aid the powerful voice of Thomas Mann, whose balance, whose intellectual circumspection, whose moral dignity are not the qualities of a "sublimated recruiting officer." In his address at Carnegie Hall recently on "The Coming Victory of Democracy," Dr. Mann said: "What freedom needs today is no humanity of weakness and self-doubting tolerance—that simply makes it look pitiable beside a creed of power which is by no means sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. What we need today is a humanity strong in will and the soldierly determination to preserve itself. Freedom must discover its virility, must learn to walk in armor and defend itself against its mortal enemies, must at last realize, after the most bitter of experiences, that with a pacifism which will not have war at any price, it is provoking, not banishing, war."

Amenia, N. Y. LEWIS MUMFORD

Correspondence

Maintaining Naval Dominance

SIR: General Rivers, in his letter in The New Republic of May 25 simply carries his argument—based on his guess as to "the enemy's most probable intentions"—one step farther. He says that the Great Circle route would be the shortest "in an effort to attack our West Coast." But why assume this to be the objective? Indeed, the reduction of Hawaii would be a necessary preliminary to any such move; thus Hawaii might be the initial enemy objective. Or that objective might lie somewhere in Latin America, under circumstances now totally unforeseeable. Our object is not, as I think I emphasized in my original article on National Defense, to "reach Yokohama and other Japanese cities"—a futile and perilous undertaking indeed—or to defend the Philippines. On the contrary it should be to maintain naval dominance of the whole sea area in which such dominance is vital to us; the area confined by the triangle Alaska-Hawaii-Panama, covering not only our West Coast, but our principal maritime sea-route in that area, from Panama to our Pacific ports. To this area the line of operations San Francisco-Honolulu is central, and should be the base line for development of our operations in such direction as the course of events might require. And as to the General's point that the seizure of a hostile naval base in the Aleutians would be "very troublesome," how much more troublesome would be an enemy seizure of a weakened Hawaii.

The control of maritime communications is the object of all naval warfare; not the attack of coast lines, for which fleets in themselves are ill adapted. Such attacks by combined expeditionary forces may of course be consequent upon the dominance of maritime communications by a fleet, as may many other advantages. But a navy must first seek its natural object, and for this object it must have bases dominating not one, but all of the lines of operations and communication in the area it seeks to control. Of course Japan would require a superior navy to attempt to invade our control-area; that is precisely why our defense requires that we maintain a fleet superior to that of our potential enemy, and provide that fleet with bases from which it can exercise its superiority wherever necessary within that area, neither hampering its freedom of movement by assuming in advance a particular enemy objective or line of operations, nor allowing ourselves to be misled by such an unquestionable but irrelevant fact as that "a Honolulu fleet is much too far from Yokohama to attack any Japanese port."

Brooklyn, N. Y. GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

Scholars in the Dust Bin

SIR: Lewis Mumford is to be commended for his excellent review of Esther Shephard's "Walt Whitman's Pose" [The New Republic, May 11]. It emphasizes the dangers implicit in academic literary research.

The work is clearly patterned after the so-called Harvard thesis as shown in the work of Hotson and Mark Eccles. It involves the buttressing of a complex argument and study upon a minute and often unbearable fact. The Harvard man will spend years in the Baltimore hospitals hunting for Poe's name. If successful, he publishes a book upon the chase, embellished with comments upon Poe's writings, symbolism, esthetics and degeneracy. If a failure, he turns "Columbia" on us: he begins to trace parallelisms between Poe's lines and those of an obscure gentleman-poet who lived and died quietly near New Orleans during the 1820's. In either case, the scholar is not interested in Poe or literature. . . .

Younger American critics should gather much from the Shephard débâcle. Now, when only the academic dustheaps seem to offer remuneration to the literary man, now is the time to shy away from sterility and stagnation. It was fitting that Mumford, symbolic of the creative wing of American scholarship and thought, should have officiated at the wake. More of his work is necessary!

Brooklyn, N. Y. BROM WEBER

Pulitzer-Prize Aftermath

SIR: In your editorial paragraph of May 11, dealing with the Pulitzer award to Raymond Sprigle, you say: "American journalism is not in a crusading mood these days; few campaigns of any sort are undertaken, a fact which may help to explain the award to Mr. Sprigle."

When Whittlesey House assigned me to prepare a book about newspaper crusades, some six weeks ago, I said much the same thing; but when I began nosing about I found, first, that scores of recent campaigns were fully documented at the Pulitzer School of Journalism, so that your explanation of the award to Mr. Sprigle is cockeyed; second, that there had been at least two score noteworthy crusades last year and this. Even the sobersided Chicago Daily News had put its foot down on extortionate receivership fees, and other papers elsewhere had followed suit. One daily, espousing an unpopular cause, had lost nearly half its circulation but had stuck to its guns and

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carried the day. The wide range of voluntary service for the protection of the public was astonishing. It is the best argument I have found for a free press.

When you speak of Mr. Sprigle's "mediocre English" you do not improve your status as an apologist for a Ku Kluxer; for his English has no bearing on the truth of his statements about the kind of men who joined that organization.

Old Greenwich, Conn. SILAS BENT

We still believe that our statement that American journalism is not in a crusading mood is true. The question is the total number of important campaigns now as compared with the number some years ago; if Mr. Bent will look into that matter, we are confident he will find our statement is correct.

The notion that the quality of writing has nothing to do with the merit of a Pulitzer prize-winner seems to us fantastic.

The New Republic is not and never has been an apologist for a "Ku Kluxer." We regret Mr. Justice Black's former membership in that organization as deeply as Mr. Bent or anyone else. We refused, however, to join the efforts of the Roosevelt haters to force Mr. Justice Black from the Supreme Court as part of their general campaign against the President, his appointees and supporters. We are sorry to see Mr. Bent in such company. – THE EDITORS

A Tip from Labor

SIR: May I have a bit of space in your columns with which to start the education of your contributors Robert Cantwell & Co., on labor unionism, with particular reference to the automobile industry?

The first lesson is: Dig for the facts; do not accept versions of facts from prattling pinks, or anyone else for that matter. For example: Homer Martin and the "Progressives" in the UAW have been charged with being "reactionary." Two facts from a great mass of equally significant ones do not jibe with this estimate. Recently the CIO established its Michigan state council at a conference held in Lansing. The Packard local of Detroit sent a delegation which included four Negro delegates. The Packard company employs few Negroes, yet the local conferred the power of representation upon four Negro members. Upon arrival at Lansing's foremost hotel they were refused admission, whereupon the entire delegation threatened a boycott. For the first time in the twenty-two years of this hotel's existence Negroes passed a night under its roof and were accorded all the privileges of guests. The Packard local of Detroit supports the Martin administration 100-percent.

The second fact: Judge Paul V. Gadola blasted the UAW as being Communist in a statement recently. The UAW Flint local adopted a resolution which, after refuting the charge, added the following:

"Therefore Be It Resolved: That the United Automobile Workers of Flint as a representative body of all religious and political tendencies and in behalf of all THINKING citizens of Flint reject and condemn 'baiting' whether red, black or Jew as the lowest form of discussion.

"Be It Resolved: That although we may not agree with the statements printed or verbal, of the Communist Party unit in the Chevrolet Motor Plant, or the IMA News, we defend with equal vigor the right of both to print or speak their convictions."

This resolution was signed by Jack Little, president, and R. V. Newman, vice-president of the local.

The administration of this local, recently elected, is 100-percent behind the Martin administration in the UAW.

The falsification of facts, or suppression of facts, or sheer ignorance regarding Communist trade-union tactics cannot be excused on the implied grounds of "Well, anyway, my little masterpiece favors the Communists, and they always stand for the best." Who in the hell are the "Communists"? Saints—beyond mundane criticism?

SAUL HELD, Editorial Staff,
Detroit, Mich. The United Automobile Worker

From The New Republic Mail Bag

F. A. Strange of Milwaukee complains bitterly of The New Republic's articles and editorial on the National Progressives of America in the May 11 issue. None of the writers, he thought, had anything substantial to say about what Phil La Follette stands for. . . . Ellis O. Jones of Los Angeles says that Heywood Broun's column on the La Follettes' new party was a "childish, smart-Alec display of bad taste on the part of 'Bombastes Furioso' Broun." . . . Helen Loomis James of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, commenting on the same articles in the same issue, reports that Broun's page was an "incredible . . . attack" on Phil La Follette; that its inclusion with Robert Morss Lovett's lucid and sober report of the meeting in the same copy of The New Republic was unbelievable. . . . Heywood has a warm supporter in Catherine W. McCulloch of Chicago. She writes that his column "The New Gettysburg" (May 18) was a "sarcastic gem," worth the subscription price all by itself.

"I am at a loss for words to express my appreciation to you for having such an able contributor as John T. Flynn," writes Raymond Docter of Seattle. He quotes, as an example, from Mr. Flynn's column in the February 21 issue, 1934, about the pending reëlection of Richard Whitney as president of the New York Stock Exchange, a selection which he vigorously opposed. Mr. Flynn wrote: "The New York Stock Exchange has an opportunity at this moment to make . . . the grave mistake of re-electing Richard Whitney as president . . . he represents a state of mind that ought not to be concerned with the control and direction of any important function of society at the present time. . . . Such an action . . . might easily result in embarrassment for the Exchange, already hard-pressed, later."

J. Reyes Martin of Brooklyn points out the lack of logic in opposing the government in Spain for fear that it is "red." Everyone knows, he argues, the role of the Chinese Communists who are fighting Japan and yet public opinion in the United States is warmly in favor of the Chinese cause.

What's on the Air?

Leon Harris, secretary of the National Federation of Colored Farmers, talks on "Farmers' Day," Sunday, May 29, 10:30 A.M., CBS.

Memorial Day programs from Arlington and Gettysburg, Monday, May 30, 2 to 4 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Senators Pope of Idaho and Thomas of Utah speak at the American Youth Congress, Monday, May 30, 5:15 P.M., Mutual.

George E. Bigge talks on "Federal and State Partnership in Unemployment Insurance," Thursday, June 2, 7:40 P.M., CBS.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include the NBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Demitri Mitropoulos, Saturday, May 28, 9 P.M., NBC-Red Network; Boston "Pop" Concert with Arthur Fiedler conducting, Wednesday, June 1, 9:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; the Toronto Promenade Symphony Orchestra conducted by Reginald Stewart, Thursday, June 2, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; "Craig's Wife" by George Kelly in a series of Pulitzer Prize Dramas, Thursday, June 2, 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and the Bamberger Symphony Orchestra, Friday, June 3, 9:30 PM., Mutual.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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Books in Review

Eastern Front: 1918

FOR HIS NEW NOVEL,[1] Arnold Zweig has found a magnificent theme—the slow disintegration of the German armies in the East, as a result of war weariness, loss of faith in their rulers and the impact of the Russian revolution. He has found a magnificent setting too—the general staff headquarters for the eastern front. Here the conquered territories are administered; here information is gathered from all sources, with spies coming in to make their reports and White Russian generals suggesting new invasions of their own country; here policies are adopted during dinner-table discussions; and here plans are laid for the midsummer offensive that will carry the Germans farther into the heart of Russia. Here too are the staff officers, senior and junior, a group of happy Olympians. They live in castles or mansions, travel in special trains, drink real coffee instead of turnip juice, smoke imported black cigars and secretly hope that the War will never end—or at the very least will continue till each of them owns a vast estate in the Ukraine. But they are betrayed by complete ignorance of their own men, who are not, as they think, a belligerent army, but simply "civilians under arrest, a nation pressed into war service by the ruling classes." Now, after four years, these civilians are tired of fighting and want to go home.

And the discontent in the army is reflected even in the general staff, where it takes the form of quarrels among cliques and factions. The Pan-German faction is the most influential: it includes all those who want their caste and country to dominate the world, at any cost in human lives. The professional officers form a second faction: they too would like to conquer the world, but slowly and cannily, without losing too many Prussian soldiers. And both these parties distrust and abominate the younger officers, like Captain Paul Winfried, who have served in the trenches and are close enough to the common soldiers to share their longing for peace. . . . Today the Pan-Germans are represented by Nazi theorists like Goebbels and Rosenberg; the professional officers are grouped in the Reichswehr. Both factions want to seize the Ukraine, though the Reichswehr would go about it more cautiously. The liberals like Paul Winfried have been silenced, but in another crisis they would certainly reappear. The beauty of Zweig's political analysis is that it applies to the next war against Russia as well as the last.

But his plot, in the strict sense, is inferior to his political analysis and his setting and his theme. It develops out of the quarrels inside the general staff. Now that Lithuania has been conquered, who will be king of the new country? The Pan-Germans want a Prussian and Protestant king who will rule with an iron hand. The professional officers want to make some concession to the Lithuanian peasants, who are Catholics: they suggest a king belonging to the Catholic ruling house of Saxony. The liberals have a third candidate, a South German duke who is both Catholic and democratic and who promises to let the Lithuanians run their own country. "That will never do," says the Pan-German who commands the intelligence service. And because Paul Winfried has taken the side of the democratic duke, he is arrested as a spy and sent to a labor camp.

Young Winfried is the hero of the novel. Indeed, he is so much the hero that the last third of the book is devoted chiefly to his physical and spiritual adventures. He loses his mistress, he loses faith in the ruling caste, he becomes a mild rebel; and there are rumbles of revolution in his last interview with General Clauss, by far the best scene in the book. Here is a secondary theme—the making of a revolutionist—that might be as exciting to the reader as the breaking up of the German army. The trouble is that Winfried is merely a nice fellow, kind, colorless, dutiful and none too bright. You feel that it doesn't matter much to the destiny of nations whether he wears a brown shirt or carries a red Communist Party card. In either case he is likely to betray his own side, out of goodness of heart and love for the other fellow.

And these misgivings lead to others that do not directly concern the hero. You begin to notice that the plot isn't firm enough to retain the author's interest, to say nothing of the reader's; there is no single center for all the action, as in "The Case of Sergeant Grischa." Most of the characters were introduced in that earlier novel; you notice that they are somewhat less interesting than on their first appearance. You notice that they often get lost in the political situation, which is too big and impersonal for the human figures involved in it. And finally you notice that although Zweig can plot a climax (like Winfried's imprisonment or the death of Sister Bärbe), he can't always rise to it. Sometimes he avoids his problem by shifting to other characters, and often he uses fine writing to conceal the lack of deep emotion.

When "Sergeant Grischa" was published here in 1928, the author announced that it was "the central piece of a tryptich of which the collective title will be 'A Trilogy of the Transition.' It will be preceded chronologically and dramatically by the novel called 'Education Before Verdun' (Berlin); the novel called 'The Crowning of a King' (Winfried) will follow it." Zweig has now fullfilled his promise. We learn that the trilogy is to be expanded into a whole series of novels dealing with the same group of characters and presenting "the portrait of modern man in all his ramifications and in complete detail." I'm not sure that he should go ahead with his new plan. The best part of the portrait was presented in "Sergeant Grischa"; he now seems to be adding ramifications and details without adding new perceptions. "The Crowning of a King" is a book worth reading for its humane spirit and its political wisdom. As a novel it is merely a pretty good sequel to a great story.

MALCOLM COWLEY

[1] The Crowning of a King, by Arnold Zweig. Translated by Eric Sutton. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

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What Makes Prices

Price and Price Policies, by Walton Hamilton and Associates. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 578 pages. $4.

WALTON HAMILTON characterizes his volume on "Price and Price Policies" as a collection of clinical reports on industry. The automobile, automobile-tire, gasoline, cottonseed, dress, whiskey and milk industries are the ones examined. The aim is to give "a picture of the habits, arrangements and practices which give to the industry in question its individuality." The studies appear under the names of five research assistants who worked with Professor Hamilton on the Cabinet Committee on Price Policy which was established in the summer of 1934. There are, in addition to these reports, two chapters by Walton Hamilton: an introductory essay on the nature of "industry," and a concluding piece which has mostly to do with the problems of industrial control. The organizing principle of the whole work is to study industry from the point of view of price, in order to determine whether an industry's product is sold at a price which allows it to occupy its appropriate place in the American standard of living.

Seldom does one find in a piece of economic literature so much of value and interest as awaits a reader of this volume. The pictures of industry that are presented here are thoroughly realistic. Not all, of course, of the many-sided face of business enterprise is displayed. But to look at industry from the point of view of price is to look at its core. This point of departure leads to nearly every aspect of the going economic concern, its wage policy, financial arrangements, technology, distributive system and legal relations.

The book will be of interest principally to the professional economist, but even a general reader who is prepared to make the fairly substantial effort that is required to digest a lengthy and sometimes rather technical study will find here an intimate and revealing analysis of what the author calls the "manner of industry."

Hamilton's method is to study an industry as a set of procedures and arrangements. This is, in the best sense, an institutional viewpoint—a method of analysis associated with the name of Thorstein Veblen. The same emphasis on the process of procedural change that Veblen brought to bear on the larger problems of business enterprise typifies these reports. There are many, of course, among the economists who will argue that, like all examples of institutionalism, this work lacks that degree of neat integration and organization that should be found in systematic economics. Even though it is of a different sort, there are organization and system in these studies and it is yet to be demonstrated that it is inferior to the more formalized constructions of neo-classical theory. Anyone trained in traditional theory and in its present-day refinements will detect many places where Hamilton and and his capable assistants seem to be straining to avoid the use of even the simpler tools of conventional economic analysis. This may be significant to the student of methodology in economic theory but it is, *per se*, a matter of no consequence to the intelligent person who comes with the simple request for a readable and vital word-picture of the thing called industry.

There is another aspect of this work that seems to me to overshadow all others in significance. The chaotic state of industry and trade that came upon America with terrible force in 1933 gave rise to plans of all varieties for the rationalization of business. The NRA which developed out of that situation was, in essence, a device for controlling prices and, to an extent, industrial output. Now again we are faced with new situations and problems not unlike the earlier ones. Intellectually, we find ourselves singularly ill equipped to deal with them. The economist is too often unacquainted with the particulars of business relations, and the business executive can rarely exercise the same degree of acuteness when thinking of matters of national policy as when meeting the exigencies of his own sphere of business traffic.

There is a great need, therefore, for informative studies of this kind. For those interested in industrial control this volume is surely an item of required study. It displays so much of the intricacy of business relations and illustrates so well the far-reaching interconnections of even the simpler business procedures that it should encourage caution and humility in those—if there are any left undismayed by NRA—who play fast and loose with control schemes. This is not to imply that the volume sums up in a counsel of despair, but rather that it indicates that sharper and more well considered tools need fashioning for doing the job that the passage of time makes more and more essential.

RAYMOND J. SAULNIER

By and About A. E. Housman

My Brother, A. E. Housman, by Laurence Housman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 287 pages. $3.
Recollections of Alfred Edward Housman, by Katharine E. Symons, A. W. Pollard, Laurence Housman, R. W. Chambers, Alan Ker, A. S. F. Gow and John Sparrow. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 82 pages. $2.50.

THESE MEMOIRS OF A. E. HOUSMAN by his associates and members of his family are all interesting if one is interested in Housman. Mr. Laurence Housman's book about his brother, though it contains a certain amount of material, turns out to be rather exasperating: repetitious, carelessly written and generally unsystematic. Mr. Housman includes scraps of Housman's letters, eighteen serious poems and fragments of poems, thirteen parodies and nonsense verses, a list of his poems in the order in which they appear in his notebooks, a chronology of those of which the dates are known, and—characteristically on the part of the editor—a nine-page "natal horoscope" of Housman, which is of no conceivable interest to anybody.

The nonsense verses, which Housman began composing in childhood and kept on writing and sending to his friends all his life, are of the disgusting-sadistic schoolboy type—like Harry Grahame's "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes"—particularly relished by the English. The productions of Housman in this genre seem to me a little unpleasant. The frivolity of pessimists is likely to be painful; and these trifles are of interest chiefly in underlining the immature and pathological aspects of Housman's personality. More amusing are a stanza written in a dream and

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A NOTE ON SOME ASPECTS OF THE ECONOMIC THEORY OF MARX *Maurice Dobb*

MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS TIMES *Roy Pascal*

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two parodies—"Fragment of an English Opera" and "Fragment of a Didactic Poem on Latin Grammar"; these last in Housman's best humorous vein, in a class with his widely known burlesque of Greek tragedy. And there is also an excellent parody of Housman himself by Hugh Kingsmill, which the poet pronounced "the best I have seen, and indeed the only good one." The serious poems include some quite good specimens and one not very good specimen (XVIII), which, however, as his brother suggests, may have a special personal interest.

The most valuable part of the letters is A. E. Housman's criticism of Laurence's poems, the lushness and vagueness of which seems to have constituted one of his sharpest trials. He was obviously a critic of the first order, and it seems a pity that he should have forbidden his brother to publish his writings on poetry. His remarks on the primary importance of the poet's seeing his work from the point of view of the reader are applicable to all kinds of writing: "What makes many of your poems more obscure than they need be is that you do not put yourself in the reader's place and consider how, and at what stage, that man of sorrows is to find out what it is all about. You see behind the scenes and know all the data; but he knows only what you tell him. It appears from the alternative titles 'Heart's Bane' and 'Little Death' that in writing that precious croon you had in your head some meaning of which you did not suffer a single drop to escape into what you wrote: you treat us as Nebuchadnezzar did the Chaldeans, and expect us to find out the dream as well as the interpretation."

A further rather melancholy light is thrown upon Housman's neurotic ferocity by a set of brutally contemptuous characterizations, evidently intended for incompetent scholars, which were found by his brother among his notes. They had evidently been composed for their own sake and were being reserved for an appropriate occasion to apply them, as the names of the persons characterized were left blank.

Yet the more distinct Housman's personality becomes to us, the more he seems to claim our respect through his character as well as through his intellect.

EDMUND WILSON

Briton in the Tropics

Flames Coming out of the Top, by Norman Collins. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

MR. COLLINS' HERO is a four-pound-a-week clerk who is sent to South America by his London export firm. When Harold Dunnett turns up at Amricante, to his neatly furrowed mind the place is an Alice-in-Wonderland nightmare: no one works if he can lounge; no one tells the truth when a colorful lie is handy; and, most preposterous of all, the British Consulate will wink at anything for an ample sum. Hemmed in by intrigue and tropical ferment, Dunnett retains his respect for propriety in the manner of the legendary Englishman dressed for dinner in the jungle. When he is hustled into a dungeon on mistaken charges of being a Paraguayan spy, his main thought is "so inefficient in having got arrested." When the Fiery Mountain shoots its lid off in a grandiose spectacle outside his window, he considers how foreigners lose their

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heads in a crisis. Even when he tears up his return ticket, you know that after twenty years in the tropics he'll still be avoiding the siesta and trying to introduce bookkeeping to the manager of a frowsy hotel.

The mixture of this cool British temper and South American turmoil comes off more smoothly than you might expect. This is partly due to Mr. Collins' deft manipulation of plot, so that Dunnett's travels through a jungle and under the nose of an erupting mountain have the casual ease of a ride on an escalator. It is also due to the author's simple, direct treatment of even the most theatrical scenes. If a tranquil version of a volcano is possible, Mr. Collins has done one: the spurts of flame "like snapdragons in a Christmas pudding," the ash "like sifted flour," the oozing lava "like streamers of treacle," and so on. Seventy-two pages from the end the publishers seal the book; stop there and you get your money back. Their complacence, of course, is justified, not because you'll worry about Dunnett's ultimate safety, but because the pace is much too brisk to let you jump off before the end. When the story slows down at all, it is only to gather momentum for a new spurt in ingenuity. There won't be many refunds here.

MIRIAM BORGENICHT

Oh Say, Can You See?

Television: A Struggle for Power, by Frank C. Waldrop and Joseph Borkin. New York: William Morrow and Company. 310 pages. $2.75.

THIS BOOK IS NEWS. It presents a coherent, seriatim, documented story of the fight waged by huge corporations to control the very nerve force of modern life—communications. The backdrop is so massive, the piracy and plunder so spectacular that at times the story takes on the excitement of a cops-and-robbers movie. All of which is swell—until you suddenly remember that in this particular chase you are neither cop nor robber. You, dear public, are cast in the hapless role of victim.

What about television? Its implications, from any point of view, are nothing short of staggering. And don't be misled by what you see. The best laboratories now produce a somewhat milky image, about ten by twelve inches in size and bedeviled by flicker and streaks of "rain." Even a so-so projector of home movies can excel it in picture quality. The first reaction of the public is almost certain to be one of disappointment and even boredom (as seems to be the case in Great Britain) but the potentialities remain undiminished. What's more, the corporate titans most assuredly realize this.

The authors show that up to now the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has completely dominated the communications field. Currently, the only real threat to A. T. and T. supremacy comes from Radio Corporation of America, and these are the two major figures in the impending battle of the century over the spoils of television.

In assaying the various elements in this battle the authors are at their best. They name names, quote documents, give dates. They analyze the stake of the movies, the newspapers, the bankers, the equipment companies, the government, the public, the existing radio stations and chains. If you have ever wondered what is delaying television in this

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country, their description of this legal-financial dog fight will give you all the answers. It is superlative stuff, and news.

The book demolishes RCA's bland assumption that television is its own private project. In its "captive" inventor, Zworykin, RCA has one of the two major figures responsible for electronic television. However, the authors show that there is more than a suspicion (indeed there is a thumping preliminary decision in the federal courts) that certain basic patents are in the hands of Philo Farnsworth. The story of this Utah farm boy—imagine the basic pattern of electronic television being worked out on the blackboard by a high-school freshman in short pants—is one of the most absorbing items in the book. RCA would like to dominate television as it now dominates radio, but if there is to be a competing system it seems likely to coalesce around Farnsworth, with such participants as Philco, Columbia Broadcasting System, Paramount Pictures—and A. T. and T.

Meanwhile the merry system of private exploitation of public resources goes on. Leading up to television, the authors discuss the whole history of radio: how its wave lengths were allotted and exploited, how censorship operates, how demands for fixed amounts of time for educational purposes were defeated, what are some of the elements in the jungle of pressure and intrigue surrounding the Federal Communications Commission. Much of the material is taken from FCC hearings, from court records and particularly from the three-year investigation made by the FCC into the affairs of A. T. and T. The authors, a Washington political writer and a specialist in analyses of communications, have turned out a job of crisp and pungent journalism, well organized and at times hair-raising in its implications.

T. R. CARSKADON

Whose Austria?

My Austria, by Ex-Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg. Introduction by Dorothy Thompson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 352 pages. $3.

"MY AUSTRIA" is the testament of Austria's last Chancellor, his story of his Austria, imperial, republican and authoritarian. It may play a part in a drama yet to come. If Hitler drags Dr. Schuschnigg through the mockery of a trial on the charge of high treason, this volume may be used as evidence against the ex-Chancellor. The book tells about Schuschnigg's love of Austria, his courageous struggle to preserve his country's independence and his refusal to give up the struggle until all was lost—which will be treasonable evidence to Nazis.

What sharpens the Nazi hatred of Schuschnigg is the knowledge that the ex-Chancellor had a fair prospect of winning his struggle to save Austria. As Miss Thompson points out in her introduction, the Nazi tide in Austria apparently had begun to ebb. Realizing that time was against him, Hitler invaded his small neighbor's territory. And that development may well be kept in mind as we watch the Third Reich's relations with other small neighbors, notably Czechoslovakia.

The whole story of Hitler-Schuschnigg relations is an ugly chapter of history. Its plots and chicanery rival any-

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thing in fiction. One incident may give the reader an insight into Nazi methods. Miss Thompson tells how von Papen, German Ambassador to Austria, last January found himself entangled in Nazi intrigue. Herr Himmler, chief of Hitler's secret police, planned an attack upon the German Embassy that would create an incident giving the Reich an excuse to intervene in Austria. Von Papen learned that he was to be murdered in this affair. To save himself, he arranged the fateful Berchtesgaden meeting between Hitler and Schuschnigg.

No picture of pre-Hitler Austria would be complete without a glimpse at the post-war era when there was "just a little too much for people to die on, and not enough to live on." Back home from the War, the future Chancellor continued to wear his shabby officer's uniform, because he was too poor to buy civilian clothes. Later came the inflation which destroyed the Austrians' savings and old-age security. A loaf of bread cost 6,600 kronen. The fact that his beloved country survived the misery of these years makes the tragedy of Berchtesgaden all the more poignant.

The restraint of the ex-Chancellor's narrative almost amounts to understatement. In discussing Hitler's drive against Austria, he says: "National Socialism in Austria no longer had the character of an internal political movement." It came from Germany. Many readers will, however, regret Dr. Schuschnigg's hostile attitude toward the Austrian Socialists. That Austrian Clericals and Socialists could not unite against their common enemy, the Nazis, has been one of the tragedies of the post-war era. But even those who disagree with Schuschnigg's views recognize his courage and patriotism. Betrayed at home and abroad, his fight lost, he did not follow Wilhelm II and Kerensky, and run away. He stayed with his Austria and his Austrians to confront the invaders.

One of the ironic passages of the book was Schuschnigg's conversation with Reichskanzler von Schleicher in which the latter assured him that Hitler was "no longer a problem; the question of Hitler had been settled; his movement did not connote any political danger." Fifteen days later Hitler became Reichskanzler. Speaking of Emperor Karl, Schuschnigg says: "Certainly the favor of the people is fickle." The Chancellor was to be reminded of that in March, when Hitler made his triumphant entrance into Vienna. Some day the Führer may have reason to meditate on this same disillusionment. For those who wish to understand the background of Hitler's destruction of Austria, this volume is indispensable. HENRY C. WOLFE

New Books: A Reader's List

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PURPOSE, by William Alanson White (Doubleday, Doran, $3). Memoirs of a pioneer in American psychiatry, for more than thirty years superintendent of the government hospital for the insane in Washington. Case histories provide fascinating material, but the backbone of the book is the philosophy of a man who regarded prisons and asylums as laboratories and was not afraid to use intellect instead of restraint in trying to cure the mentally ill.

EARTH MEMORIES, by Llewellyn Powys. With an introduction by Van Wyck Brooks (Norton, $2.75). Forty-

"A vitally important contribution"
—NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

My Austria

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"Stirn has performed a prodigious job in turning out this magnificent bibliography . . . so perfectly has he arranged his thousands of references, one almost has a running story of La Follette's political life."—*Wisconsin State Journal.*

AN ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY of ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

By Ernest W. Stirn

More than a skeleton bibliography, this chronological compilation covers the years 1880 to 1925 of the life of the senior La Follette, with a great deal of additional material on the political careers of his sons, Philip and Robert M., Jr., from 1925 to 1936. Extensive footnote commentaries.

570 pages, planographed, $5.00; postpaid, $5.20

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one essays by an author whose chronic illness sharpens his sensitivity, and whose love for the English countryside reinforces his belief that religion is hollow, idealism treacherous, and only the world of the senses important.

SOME STILL LIVE, by F. G. Tinker Jr. (Funk and Wagnalls, $2.50). Six desperate months at the Spanish front, told by an American flyer who got into night spots and tight spots and shot down eight of Franco's planes. He met Hemingway in Madrid, and he writes a little like Hemingway, with the same Red Indian stoicism. The most terrifying passage is Tinker's story of killing hundreds of Italian infantrymen, in a businesslike and almost routine manner, during the Italian retreat from Guadalajara: the mechanization of death.

BEGIN NO DAY, by Wellington Roe (Putnam's, $2.50). A well meaning Connecticut hat manufacturer sees his business crushed between the vicious trickery of employers' organizations and the militance of rising industrial unions. As fiction, a useful case study of a typical industrial set-up.

MY SON, MY SON! by Howard Spring (Viking, $2.50). A full-bodied novel of two Englishmen who start from humble beginnings, and watch their sons grow up to luxury, bitterness and inevitable destruction. The Irish Rebellion, World War fever, the melodrama of suicide and murder, and a succession of absorbing characters—all brought together with a skill that gives them depth.

HEAVEN CAME SO NEAR, by Hubert Skidmore (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). About a boy in a Blue Ridge lumbering camp who ends up with a noose around his neck for a crime he never committed. It is not the terror and brutality he encounters but rather his curious psychological development that gives power and meaning to the story.

INSANITY FAIR: A European cavalcade, by Douglas Reed (Covici, Friede, $3). The humanly informative memoirs of an English journalist whose capacity for mingling with people and transcribing the tempo and temperament of various countries makes his book more than just another correspondent's flash reports. The last four chapters, describing at first hand the German conquest of Austria, bring the account up to date.

COMING FROM THE FAIR, by Norah Hoult (Covici, Friede, $2.50). A novel of Irish characters and Irish affairs between 1903 and 1933 ("the end of Holy Ireland"). The people, churches, homes and bars are very real, with that high Irish quality. As a novel it doesn't quite hold together.

Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD, London correspondent for The New Republic, is widely known as a writer on international affairs.

PAUL HUTCHINSON, editor of The Christian Century, is the author of many articles and several books, including "Storm Over Asia" and "The Ordeal of Western Religion."

W. H. AUDEN, the poet, and CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD, the novelist, have collaborated on two plays, "The Dog Beneath the Skin" and "The Ascent of F-6." Next month they are returning from China to England via New York. Auden is the author, with Louis MacNeice, of "Letters from Iceland," recently published by Random House.

HAMILTON BASSO has recently returned from Southern Europe, where he spent the winter.

ROSE M. STEIN, who lives in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is the author of "M-Day." The book was based largely on findings of the Senate Munitions Committee, with which she was associated.

RAYMOND J. SAULNIER, an instructor in Economics at Columbia University, is the author of a volume on "Contemporary Monetary Theories," which will be published shortly.

EDMUND WILSON's latest book is "The Triple Thinkers," which was recently published by Harcourt, Brace.

MIRIAM BORGENICHT has contributed numerous reviews to The New Republic and other periodicals.

T. R. CARSKADON, a former member of the editorial staff of The New Republic, is now engaged in work with Raymond Rich Associates.

HENRY C. WOLFE, writer and lecturer on European affairs, is the author of "The German Octopus," recently published by Doubleday, Doran.

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